

*The* *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



- **The American Family's Blind Spot—*M. E. Willcockson***
- **Living as Christian Citizens—*Ruth Estes Milner***

March 1950



# The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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## Fireside Chat

With spring just about to drench the countryside with fresh rain and warm dormant roots to new life, *Hearthstone* sends you reading matter to fit the season.

For instance, the word *precocious* is exceedingly apropos, as Alma Osborn explains in her article of interest to parents on page 28.

Then, there are grand games for rainy days, suggested by Walter King in the Just for Fun department. Anyone can enjoy them without much fuss or bother in preparation.

In the fiction department, "Flowers for Gerda" for adults and "A Surprise" for the children will awaken anticipation for the coming season.

Spring means housecleaning, too—a good time to consider some new pictures for your walls. Jean Louise Smith returns as a *Hearthstone* contributor to bring some excellent suggestions for selecting and securing pictures.

The family will enjoy learning about "Discipline in the Chinese Home," and maybe pick up some pointers.

It is impossible to point up one or two idea-filled articles on family enrichment for your special consideration for they are all worthy of mention in this column. You'll find that out for yourself.

Food for thought for adults is again presented by Jack Finegan, discussing further ideas on eternity. M. E. Willcockson presents an answer to present-day turmoil as he interprets "The American Family's Blind Spot" on page 16.





## *By the Streams of Water*

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel  
of the wicked,

Nor standeth in the way of sinners,

Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:

But his delight is in the law of the LORD;

And on his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams  
of water,

That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,

Whose leaf also doth not wither;

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so,

But are like the chaff which the wind driveth  
away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judg-  
ment,

Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous;

But the way of the wicked shall perish.

—Psalm 1.

*Ewing Galloway*



Everyone wants a happy home!  
Those who succeed practice these . .

# *Beatitudes*

## for Christian Married Couples

**I**T IS assumed that marriage for Christian young people is *distinctly Christian* and the homes which are thereby established are *distinctly Christian homes*. Our Christian faith makes a difference in our individual lives. It likewise makes a difference in our standards and ideals of marriage and in the quality of the love and beauty and sacrifice which we build into our homes. The following Beatitudes for Christian Married Couples are based on these assumptions.

**Blessed are the husband and wife who continue to be affectionate, considerate, and loving after the wedding bells have ceased ringing.**

Someone has said that the honeymoon is over when the wife stops blessing her husband for the ring he placed on her finger and starts blaming him for the ring he left around the bathtub! There is no real reason why the endearments and affection of courtship should not carry over into married life. Often selfishness and the lack of good examples of affection and happiness in marriage cause newly married young people to get into a rut.

The personnel director of a large corporation, desiring to improve the spirit and work of the employees, wisely decided to begin by improving their home conditions. He urged the men to take home flowers and candy to their wives occasionally. This one employee took the suggestion seriously, and for the first time in years took home a

bouquet of flowers to his wife. Instead of smiling when she received them, the wife burst out crying. "This has been a terrible day," she sobbed, "Bobby tore his best trousers, the clothesline broke and I had to wash everything twice, and now you come home drunk!"

Little acts of kindness and consideration should not be the rare and unusual thing in married life. They are the very essence of which enduring and satisfying marriage is built.

It is possible, under the inspiration of the spirit of Christ, to achieve a graciousness of spirit and an attitude of selflessness, so that one is considerate and courteous to all people, whether they be strangers, acquaintances, friends or members of the immediate family. Happy is the home where such a spirit of Christlike consideration reigns.

**Blessed are they who have a sense of humor, for this attribute will be a handy shock absorber.**

Although it has been said that God made women without a sense of humor so they could love men instead of laugh at them, a sense of humor is a tremendous asset to a home. If both husband and wife can look at the humorous side of one another's weaknesses and of an unpleasant experience, they are most fortunate. A cheerful person, who sees the brightest side of any happening, can make a home a place of sunshine and good cheer. On the other hand, the person who is a perennial pessimist can sur-

charge the atmosphere of the home with gloom and dreariness.

When tense situations arise (as they do at times in all homes) a sense of humor can often save the day. It is helpful if a family can discover some humorous expression to be used when difficulties develop. This will often relieve the tenseness and enable the members of the family to look at the situation good-naturedly.

**Blessed are they who attain parenthood, for children are a heritage of the Lord.**

A home is incomplete without children. Couples who purposely avoid having children because of selfish attitudes usually live to regret their mistake. Such couples do not realize the joys that are absent from their home. Christmas, a birthday celebration, a family picnic at the park, or a family hymn sing—all of these occasions achieve their real significance because of children in the home. Even greater than the joy of these special observances is the thrill of helping young minds and personalities develop and unfold day by day.

Of course, work and worry and responsibility are involved in the rearing of children, but these aspects of the task are far overshadowed by the joys and compensations. There is no greater challenge confronting a husband and wife today than the proper nurture and guidance of their children. Parents should realize that probably fifty per cent of a child's education in basic habits and atti-



By

## Gordon H. Schroeder

tudes takes place before he is five. Then they should accept the challenge and make of their home a real experience in democracy, a true fellowship with one another and with God.

**Blessed are the married couples who abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages.**

Stephen L., age 26, an insurance agent of Cincinnati and an active member of the Men's Sunday School Class, came home drunk one night and, disturbed by the crying of his infant son, struck him with such violence that the whimpering was stilled and the baby was dead. The young father seldom touched liquor, but that evening he had attended an army reunion and had one or two drinks with the boys.

It is not just the inadequate, down-and-out people who react to liquor in this way. Alcohol affects the same person differently on different occasions. No person is immune to any action no matter how reprehensible, after drinking even the smallest quantity of alcohol.

How does liquor affect the home? Superior Court Judge Edwin Robson of Illinois says that seventy-two per cent of the cases of marital difficulty that come before him are directly or indirectly attributable to liquor. In place of consistent behavior, consideration and kindness, which are basic requisites of married life, alcohol brings to the home unpredictable brutality and boorish rudeness. Strong drink is Enemy No. 1 of the American home.

**Blessed are they who love their mates more than any other person in the world and who joyfully fulfill their marriage vow of a lifetime of fidelity and mutual helpfulness to one another.**



—Monkmeyer.

—Pinney.

**"Blessed are they who attain parenthood for children are a heritage of the Lord."**

It is rather easy in our day to become alarmists about the decay and decline of the modern home. It would be a good tonic for all of us if we looked about and observed the couples who are enthusiastically sharing the responsibilities, joys, and sorrows of life together.

Consider the husband and wife who are just past middle age. They have been faithful to one another and to their duties as parents through the years. There have been many hardships and anxieties which they have shared together; there have also been many joys and satisfactions. Together they have nurtured and guided their three children and have watched them develop through the years. Now the children are grown and the parents have the tremendous sat-

isfaction of seeing them establish Christian homes and take their places as responsible and respected members of the community. The parents now have more time for reading, travel, and for working together about the home. They also have more time to spend in the work of the church. The true worth of their loyalty and devotion to one another is more apparent to them now than ever before.

Fidelity and unselfishness in married life pay big dividends. No other investment yields such joy, contentment and peace of mind.

**Blessed are they who remember to thank God for their food before they partake of it and who set apart some time each day for the reading of the Bible and for prayer.** (Continued on page 46.)



# Paul Speaks of Eternity

By Jack Finegan

THE apostle Paul quotes perhaps from an early Christian hymn incorporating some phrases from Isaiah—a statement to the effect that what God has prepared for those who love him is something so wonderful that no eye has seen it, no ear heard it, nor the mind of man been able to comprehend it.

We have already drawn as a first conclusion, from this basic way of looking at the matter, a belief that eternity is just as real, although invisible, as are the infrared and ultraviolet sides of the spectrum which likewise are not seen by the human eye. As a second conclusion, we have suggested that the risen Christ had entered this higher realm of reality, but that those who had been nearest to him had been made so sensitive to the things of the spirit that some of them became witnesses of his resurrection.

As a third conclusion we now suggest that this way of looking at the matter makes it seem credible that human beings should sometimes get tiny glimpses, premonitions, or intimations of eternity. Thomas Alva Edison did much to give light to the world. Out of his laboratory and out of his painstaking, patient work came the electric light through which so much darkness has been dispelled and so much illumination spread abroad. Like all mortals, Thomas Edison too came to the time of death. As he stirred in the stupor of the heavy sleep that preceded this passing his personal physician, bending close over him, heard his

lips frame the words, "It is very beautiful over there." As he entered into the valley of the shadow, did the man who had done so much to give more light to the world get a glimpse of the greater beauty of eternity?

Likewise, sometimes there is a sensing of the higher music of the heavenly places by those whose ears have been most attuned to the best music of earth. Such an experience is described by Adelaide Procter in her poem, *The Lost Chord*. In its solemn melody the chord quieted pain and sorrow. The organist sought for it again but sought it vainly.

"It may be that Death's bright angel

Will speak in that chord again—

It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that great Amen."

PAUL'S idea that what God has prepared for those who love him is something which no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor anybody understood as yet, also suggests a conclusion in relation to our perplexities. Things are naturally puzzling when we cannot see the whole picture. If we only see part of a pattern there are many loose ends and unfinished lines. Perhaps that is the way it is with the things which perplex us and grieve us. If we could only see the whole picture they would look different.

The tapestry weavers of Gobelin have to do all their work on the wrong side of the tapestry which they are making. They work according to a plan, but working on the wrong side of the tapestry, they do not see the pattern which is coming out on the other side. Perhaps life is like that and it is only in eternity that the pattern of things can be clearly seen on the right side.

A fourth conclusion about the matter is that in Paul's words is a promise to lighten our hearts. When a dear one goes away on a trip there is an emptiness and loneliness. If we look only at the vacant place we may feel very badly. If, however, we think about the person for whom we care in the place to which he or she has gone, having enjoyed a pleasant journey thither and having entered into delightful surroundings, then our loneliness is lessened. Paul's words give us confidence that there is a realm of inconceivable wonder beyond death. When we think about those who have gone away from us in death we are naturally lonely. When we think, however, of their entering into a realm of surpassing wonder, we are able to rejoice.



The fifth and final conclusion is that we want to love God as Christ has made him known. Paul says that this inconceivably wonderful thing of which we have been speaking is what God has prepared for those who love him. We are indeed moved to love God when we reflect upon the remarkable world in which we are presently placed, and how much more true that is when we ponder the things of eternity. Furthermore, it must be true that the only way to see and know about these wonderful things is to love Him who has arranged them so.

## *The Lost Chord*

Seated one day at the Organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's  
Psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.



—Keystone View

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the  
Organ  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright  
angel  
Will speak in that chord again—  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



These children seldom are delinquent.  
What principles can we adopt from . . .

# Discipline in the Chinese Home

CIRCUS gatekeepers have special gifts for capturing boys who come near them, and so I was not surprised when the guard brought in two Chinese boys whom he thought to be culprits. It was at San Francisco; while the circus animals performed in the big auditorium, some Chinese boys in an adjoining room were helping me to set up the home mission exhibit for the convention that would soon open in the same building. "Are these boys with you?" The guard's voice had a note of threat in it. "Yes," I replied, "and they are the best boys in San Francisco. They will cause no trouble."

Chinese children stay out of trouble. Chief of Police Michael E. Mitchell, of San Francisco, says that, for the four years 1945-1948 inclusive, the Chinese youth arrested comprise less than one-half the rate for the city as a whole. No foreign-born Chinese girl was arrested in those four years in San Francisco!

Delinquency among Chinese children in Portland, Ore., is "considerably less" than for others, according to the Department of Public Safety. Only eight times did Chinese youths become court cases in Sacramento, Calif., in 1948; and six of these were for traffic violations. In Chicago, Ill., Captain H. A. Fulmer, of the Crime Prevention Division of the Department of Police, speaks of Juvenile Officer Albert Mitchell, whose assignment includes Chinatown, as follows: "Officer Mitchell says that during his two years on this assignment he has not handled a case in which a Chinese juvenile was involved." Wherever Chinese live the same record is being made.

DO CHINESE parents know some things about rearing children that most Caucasian parents do not know? Is there some "trick" that they can teach us? Or is there something else that we have not yet discovered about how children behave in Caucasian communities and in Chinatowns?

Chinese parents have traditionally looked to Confucius for teachings about conduct. This great teacher, 2,500 years ago, taught five basic virtues: Filial piety, reverence for the elders, faithfulness between husband and wife, loyalty to the sovereign, and sincerity among friends. The first three of these are virtues of family relationships, and foremost is filial piety, which refers to an attitude toward parents that is much more than simple obedience. Filial

piety toward one's living parents, and reverence for one's elders, culminate in worship of one's ancestors.

Albert Lau, minister in San Mateo, Calif., whose youth was spent in his native China, but whose pastoral ministry was for several years in San Francisco, Calif., says that Chinese people "love their children in a rather undemonstrative way, keeping carefully always their dignity before their children. They demand formal respect." Insolence to parents is never tolerated. Old age is venerated throughout life. Grandparents often live in the home, and the parents of the children defer to them, living examples before their children of obedience to and respect for parents.

Chinese children "belong" to their parents even after they are grown up, established in business, and married. The elders are revered because they have experience and wisdom. "The elders have eaten more salt," the Chinese say. Mabel Lee, missionary in New York City, says, "In America people like to be young, and cater to youth; in old China people like to be old, because society caters to them." A corollary to the veneration of the aged is the teaching that a child must not bring shame upon the elders.

THERE is little formal discipline in the Chinese home until the child is old enough to go to school. What the child wants, he gets. What he cries for is his. In privileged homes the child is reared by the *Amah*, a person who somewhat corresponds to a governess in a privileged American home. The excuse given by the *Amah* for not making the child do as he should is that he is "unwilling." But when the child becomes about six years old, parents and teachers unite to make him toe the mark, and toe it he does if he does not want frequent and harsh punishment.

A "strict father and an affectionate mother," is the ideal of the Chinese. The mother seeks to win obedience by loving persuasion. Her authority increases when she becomes a grandmother. If the mother, or the grandmother, fails to correct the wayward child, the father asserts his authority. Matthew Wei, pastor of the Chinese Church, Chicago, Ill., was reared in a privileged home in China. When he broke a window in their house while playing football in the garden, he was sent to his room during the evening meal, and there he was permitted to contemplate the wrong he had done while the family ate



## By R. Dean Goodwin

their dinner. At a later hour he was permitted to eat, alone.

Even the father, with all of his authority, is likely to punish the child by denying privileges to him, but he will use corporal punishment also. Although people who have lived and worked among Chinese people report that they have never known of an instance of corporal punishment of a Chinese child, many Chinese children have known of such instances. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is an ancient Chinese proverb. Perhaps when the rod is used the Caucasian neighbor, and even the Chinese neighbor, is not permitted to know about it. Probably the child will not speak of it, nor complain about it, for he has been taught: "Never be a crybaby."

**D**ISCIPLINE for misconduct in the Chinese home is noted as much for its certainty as for its severity. While the western child expects to "get away with" much of his disobedience, the Chinese youth has no good prospect of escape. Children in America's Chinatowns are not allowed to play on the streets after dark. Their parents keep watch while they play during the daytime. The elder who is watching may not be visible to the tourist who passes through the Chinese settlement, or he may be active in direction of the play. Whether visible or not, the parents know where their children are most of the time, and they know what they are doing.

Subtle forces that discipline the Chinese child are more important than those that are visible. One such force is the matched marriage, made by the elders rather than by soft moonlight's romantic spell. These marriages are bound together by the children, and they seldom end in divorce. Modern Chinese people often marry because of romantic attachments, and homes made that way more often end in divorces.

The Chinese mother considers it her first duty to make a home and to rear her children properly. If she does not discharge this duty, but instead plays mahjong, as a native of China said by way of illustration, she is criticized: "You are not living up to the expectations of your family."

**T**HE Chinese idea of the most honorable person is another unconscious but powerful influence in character development. The scholar comes first, and he it is who teaches the young to have filial piety for their parents, to reverence their elders, and to worship their ancestors! Below the scholar, and in this order, come: farmers, laborers, merchants, statesmen and others in government. When Chinese boys and girls accept the attitudes of their Caucasian play-



—Keystone View Co.

When Chinese children reach six years, parents and teachers insist upon their establishing self-discipline. Chinese children grow into excellent citizens because of this discipline.

mates toward Hollywood, as well as their attitude toward the scholar, character deteriorates. Like the minister's children who turned out badly because they had to play with the children of the deacon, the children of Chinese homes often turn out badly because they must play with Caucasian youths!

Economic forces play subtly upon the character of Chinese boys and girls also. Entire families work together to make a living. Even in the United States the income of each member of the family belongs to the father. He budgets the earnings of the family. The strong must bear the burdens of the weak. Children work at an early age, "busy hands stay out of trouble." A father has ample opportunity to exploit his children, and some Chinese fathers do just that.

**I**T IS not correct to say that all of these factors of discipline in the Chinese home are producing an ideal result. Chinese people have as much difficulty in following their ideals as do others. Modern education and Communism have shaken the foundations of the teachings of Confucius.

(Continued on page 23.)



For the children's sake—especially for their sake—  
Marcia wished Ray would stop his stingy doling.  
Then one day she inherited . . .

# Money of Her Own

By Madeline Angell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMINS

COMING home from the lawyer's office, Marcia sat stiffly in the seat of the bus, her muscles knotted with excitement. Already her back ached with an accumulation of tension. She had been completely surprised when the lawyer told her about Aunt Grace's will. Eleven thousand dollars for Marcia!

When she first learned of Aunt Grace's death, Marcia's reaction was one of regret that she had only the vaguest of childhood memories concerning this sister of her mother. Learning that Aunt Grace had died was almost like reading an item in the newspaper about someone she did not know. Her only genuine sorrow was for those who had known her and loved her.

By all rights, Marcia should be feeling pleased about the inheritance. Instead, she was consumed with this grim determination, this malicious feeling of triumph. The time for evening the score had come, and she was going to make the most of it!

She was remembering the incident at the dinner table last night, not much in itself, perhaps, but important because it was so typical. Thanks to Aunt Grace, there would be no more scenes like that.

It had started with Jimmy asking his father for thirty cents.

Marcia tensed herself, waiting for the inevitable questioning. Jimmy was looking down at his shoes, kicking at the rug. Marcia squirmed uneasily, knowing just how he felt.

"What do you want it for, Son?" Ray asked, not unkindly.

"Well, there's a Walt Disney show on, and tomorrow's Saturday, and, well, a bunch of the kids are going. Mom said it would be okay for me to go, if you would give me the money." His fair face was flooded with color.

"The matinee only costs a quarter, if I remember correctly," his father reminded him with a smile.

"If only I had a household spending account," Marcia thought, "I might be able to save out a little for the children." But Ray paid all the bills, insisted that Marcia charge the groceries so that he might check all expenditures.

Jimmy did not look up. "I know," he said, "but, well, all the other kids buy popcorn to eat during the show."

Ray reached into his pocket. "All right, Son," he said, counting out the change. "Just remember, while you're spending this money, that I worked hard to earn it."

"Thanks, Pop," said Jimmy. He swallowed noisily and hurried away.

Looking around to make sure that the children were out of hearing distance, Marcia poured another cup of coffee for Ray and herself, and said, "For the last time, Ray, couldn't we please put the children on an allowance? It wouldn't need to cost any more. You could give them the same amount you do now. They're never going to learn how to handle

money if they don't have some freedom of decision as to how it's going to be spent. And it's humiliating for them to have to ask every time."

She was only too familiar with that feeling of humiliation. She had come from a family where monthly meetings were held to discuss the family budget. Each member had received an allowance, money that could be spent with no questions asked. She never had been able to convince Ray that the system worked, and had long ago hardened herself to the necessity of explaining each trivial expenditure to Ray in order to receive the money. But it hurt to see the children go through the same ordeal.

"I've told you before, the budget system doesn't work," Ray answered. "If you've got ten dollars a month to spend on luxuries, you're going to spend that ten dollars, every last cent of it. But if you dole it out, bit by bit, perhaps you can get by for five or six. My father used to hold the purse strings as tight as possible, and you've got to admit it worked on me. I make our money go as far as possible."

"You're a good manager," Marcia agreed. "But there are other things that are important, too. Self-respect, for one thing, the self-respect that comes from





see," he said. "You're going to get even with me. Is that it?" "No," Marcia answered evenly, "I'm just going to have a little independence of mind. And I want the same for the children."

having others trust you. How will our children ever have confidence in their ability to handle money if they never have any more than just enough to cover their immediate needs?"

Ray smiled. "I never had any loose change jingling in my pocket when I was a boy. I learned the value of money because I had so little of it."

To look at him, Marcia thought, you would never suspect that he was a hard man with money. There was an eager, gentle quality about his eyes, a good-natured curve to his mouth. And it was true that he was a good father, a good husband, in every other respect. He was kind and affectionate, even generous at times. Take the automatic washing machine he had just bought Marcia, because he said she was working too hard. She hadn't even asked for it. Marcia had been overjoyed. But

later, with a feeling of ingratitude, it occurred to her that she had had nothing to say about what kind of machine she wanted. She had not been consulted as to whether she would have preferred to spend the money for something else, redecorating the children's rooms, for example.

No, it was definitely not stinginess that made Ray act as he did. It was not selfishness, either, for he denied himself more than anyone else. It was a question of power. Marcia could buy herself a new hat, if Ray helped her pick it out. Marcia could get a new permanent, because Ray wanted her to look nice, but she couldn't buy a book or a magazine, because Ray thought that was a waste of money. Betts could have a nickel for an ice cream cone if she coaxed and gave her daddy a great big kiss.

It was silly, Marcia told herself, to hold such a deep resentment

over a characteristic that Ray couldn't help. His attitude was undoubtedly an expression of his upbringing. And yet the anger was there, not to be vanquished by logic.

When Marcia told Ray about the money, he was outwardly very casual about it.

"I didn't know Aunt Grace had so much money," he commented.

"I didn't, either. She was never much of a one to write letters, you know. Even mother heard from her very seldom. Funny, after forgetting about her relatives for so many years, she should remember them so generously in her will."

"Well, the money will come in handy," Ray said.

Marcia knew what he was thinking. Aunt Grace's money could be the means of fulfilling Ray's fondest dream. He was dissatisfied with the prospects for advancement in the men's clothing store where he clerked. For years he had planned and worked toward opening a clothing store of his own. But even under Ray's careful management, the savings account had been growing with painful slowness.

Marcia waited for Ray to make the first move. She could afford to, because now, for the first time in their married life, she was the one who held the power.

He brought the subject up one evening, after the money was safely deposited in the bank. The children were in bed. Marcia was knitting. Ray was looking at the paper, but Marcia was aware that he was not actually reading it.

Ray cleared his throat. "I suppose you're wondering what to do with all that money in the bank," he said, putting down the paper.

"I'm not worried about it," Marcia retorted. "It's safe enough where it is."

"But it's not earning much interest," Ray pointed out. "Now if you were to invest it in some reliable enterprise, you could be getting a fine rate of interest."

"Also, I might end up with nothing," Marcia replied.



"You'll never be rich unless you're willing to take a chance now and then," Ray said, coaxing.

"I don't care to be rich," Marcia said. She realized, with a pang of guilt, that she was actually enjoying this. Always before, she had been the helpless one, the one who had to beg and coax to get what she wanted. "All I care for is enough money in the bank so that I can draw out a little each month, an allowance for myself, and for each of the children, so that we won't have to ask you for every cent of spending money."

"I see." His tone was flat, his face flushed. "You're going to get even with me. Is that it?"

"No," said Marcia evenly, looking up at him. In the time that had passed since that day in the lawyer's office, she had already lost her desire for revenge. All she wanted now was to stand up for her rights. "I'm just going to have a little independence and peace of mind. And I want the same for the children."

He came and sat on the footstool beside her. His gray eyes were very earnest and pleading. "Can't you understand, Marcia, that I've done the best I could for all of you? Do you think it's been easy, feeding and clothing three children on my salary? I've given you a good home, haven't I? And plenty of good food."

"You could have done all that, and given us a sense of much needed independence, too," Marcia pointed out.

"Independence! We're a family, aren't we? What's good for one of us is good for all of us."

"Yes," Marcia replied, "we're a family. But Jimmy wants to buy equipment for developing his own films. You say we can't afford it."

"We can't!"

"And yet," Marcia continued, "it's so important to Jimmy that if he had his own spending money, I think he'd cut out the shows and the candy, and save his money until he had enough to buy the equipment himself."

Ray was angry now. His jaw was working furiously. His eyes were feverishly bright. "All right," he said. "So I've failed as a father, and as a husband.

Failed in everything I've ever tried. Probably I would fail in a business of my own, too. But I'll tell you one thing. I'm going to try it anyway. If I wait any longer, I'll lose all my enthusiasm, my initiative. If you won't stake me, I'll find someone who will."

He went to the hall closet, reached for his hat.

"It's cold out," Marcia said calmly. "If you're going for a walk, you'd better wear your top-coat."

He left without a coat. Marcia's serenity, which had lasted beautifully until now, deserted her when she heard the front door slam. He would walk for hours, she knew. In the first years of their marriage, when there had been a lot of ad-

## *The Bees*

**The bees of summer swiftly dart  
From flower unto flower,  
To draw the sweetness from its  
heart  
Against a winter hour.**

**And now the bees of winter fly,  
White bees that find no flower,  
White bees that lay their wares  
in store,  
Against a summer hour.**

—INEZ CLARK THORSON.

justing to do, there had been a few times like this. Ray would walk it off, come back tired and quiet. And always there had been a tender reconciliation.

But would there be one this time? She knew that Ray was bluffing when he said he would find someone else to back him. If it could be done, he would have done it before now. She was bound, by sacred vows, to be Ray's helpmeet. Could she actually stand by and refuse him when he needed her help?

What he said was true. If he waited too long, he might well lose the drive, the ambition, to go into

business for himself. It took a young man's courage to step out of a rut. Actually, she had no doubts as to Ray's business ability. He'd make a go of anything he attempted. Investing the money in a business would be ideal, if only it did not mean that she and the children would be back on the dole.

Was money so important, after all? Was it worth a scene like this, a scene that would leave a nasty memory for years to come? Was anything so important that it should be allowed to disrupt the comfortable feeling of family unity they had enjoyed?

It was almost midnight when Ray came home.

"Come here, darling," she said softly, as he started to go upstairs.

"What's the use?" he asked wearily, coming into the living room. "I know what you think of me now, after all these years. And I guess I deserve every bit of it." He stood there, his eyes reflecting a curious mixture of humility and defiance.

"You deserve the best," she said, going over to him, "and please try to forget what I said to night. I was being very selfish, Ray, and I want you to forgive me. I guess the power of having some money of my own went to my head. I don't ever want any again, if it's going to do that to me. What I'm trying to say, darling, is that there's nothing I'd rather do than invest the money in a business of yours."

His arms went around her. "It will be your business, too," he said. "And I promise you'll never regret it."

It was worth any sacrifice, Marcia decided as he kissed her, to have this feeling of working together, of being on the same team.

Ray was fortunate enough to be able to buy an established business from a man who wished to retire. That automatically solved many problems—the obtaining of a location, personnel, and good lines of clothing. Ray was jubilant. The amounts of money which he passed out now to his family were larger, and there were fewer questions asked. But there was still no change in the system of finances.

(Continued on page 44.)



"Religion is an attitude of mind." Absorb some of these suggestions into your daily effort in . . .

# Making Religion Natural

By Julius Fischbach

**T**HE FAMILY was having a rollicking good time. Just as mother announced dinner and all gathered around the table, Mary clowned hilariously. There was no hope of settling down to seriousness for many minutes to come. In such a situation, Father did the wise thing. He laughed with the rest (how could he help it!) and proceeded to serve the meal entirely omitting the usual prayer of thanks. It was much better to have such an expression at the close of the meal when everyone was in the proper mood to participate.

On another occasion, when the family had been driving around the country roads to enjoy the colorful pageant of the autumn landscape, mother spontaneously burst into singing the Doxology as they came into the house and all joined in heartily. The conversation that followed spoke in glowing terms of the gorgeous foliage and gave God the glory. They talked of beauty as God's special love-gift to man. God supplies man's needs for daily life; then as an over-and-above gift he offers man roses, sunsets, purple mountains, mystic lakes and autumn landscapes for his soul's enjoyment.

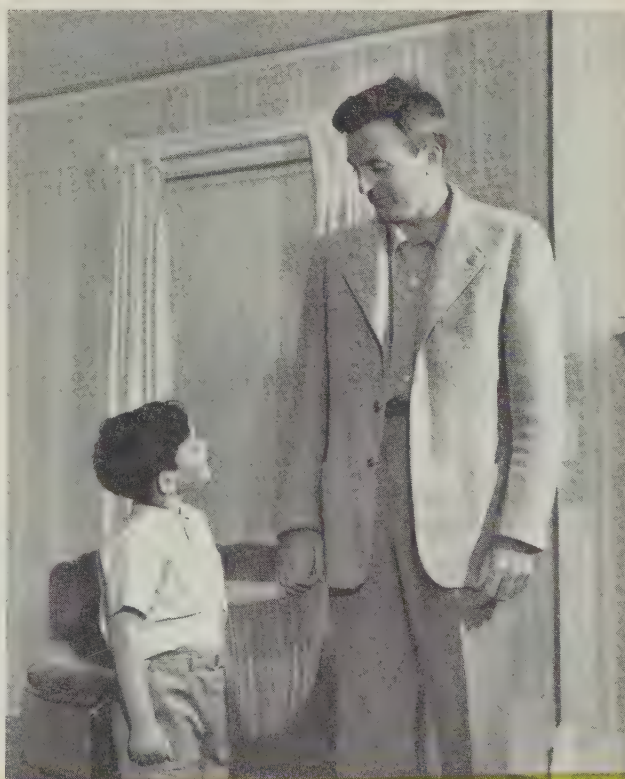
Perhaps religion is often considered unnatural in modern family life because members of the family do not recognize religion, or the need for religion, when they meet it. In her book, *The Family Lives Its Religion*, Regina Westcott Wieman begins with a very revealing chapter entitled: "Knowing Religion When We See It." Religion is not just a formal exercise of Bible reading and prayer. Religion is an attitude of mind. It is a point of view that determines decisions. It is an evaluation of time and its use for what is considered worth while. It is a Way of Life and it expresses itself in all phases of our living.

**R**ELIGION is most real on occasion when we are facing life's most vital experiences. It is expected that the graduating class of the high school and of the college, should listen to a baccalaureate sermon. Marriage receives the blessing of the church, for most young people who have any religious background,

seek out the minister when they have set the date. Although husband and wife have been careless about their church and their devotional life, almost always they think seriously about matters of religion when a baby comes to bless their home. Times of trouble and times of sorrow are also vital times when man seeks God. Then all the externals are thrown off and life is close to reality itself.

Yes, religion is the most natural expression of man and no man is living abundantly unless he is living in conscious recognition of God in the common experiences of life.

This being so, children should be trained from earliest childhood to be natural in their expressions of religion. Formal prayers are useful as models and



—Monkmeyer.

—Conried.

When your child asks questions about religion which seem humorous to you, be wise and conceal your amusement. The problem is real and serious to him.



all children should be taught model prayers. But every child should be encouraged to pray in his own words, voicing his own feelings and desires. The little boy who looked over the lunch table and then thanked God for the beans and potatoes he liked and omitted the spinach he did not like, was learning naturalness in religion under the tutelage of understanding parents.

**B**UT PRAYING and devotional expressions must not be limited to the nursery and the experience of the children of the home. There are families where five-year-old Susan and eight-year-old Tommy are the only members of the family who ever return thanks at the table. Three times a day they say grace at mealtime and at night they say their "Now I Lay Me Down," but no other voice is ever heard addressing the Heavenly Father.

We are horrified at child labor irregularities in the business and industrial world, but here is a more serious infraction: putting upon the shoulders and heart of a small child the entire spiritual responsibility of a family!

Some parents, feeling they should instruct their children in matters of religion, make complicated and difficult a situation which should be simple and easy. Feeling self-conscious about it themselves, they interpret religion as something strange that must be artificially dragged into the daily routine.

Jesus spoke directly to this problem when he reminded fathers that they were accustomed to answering their children's requests. If a child asked for bread, a father would not give him a stone. He would give what was beneficial for him. Jesus continued: "If you then, who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to those who ask him?"

Here Jesus was not only urging greater faith in God through prayer, but he was suggesting how natural it is to pray to our heavenly Father: just as natural as a child talking to father or mother about everyday needs. We might add, by inference, that the discussion of matters of religion by parents and children should also be easy and natural. They are also essential. Such conversations deal with aspects of life which are even greater in importance than either the physical or the cultural.

**R**ELIGION is involved in every experience we and our children have. Religion appraises our thoughts, our motives and our actions. When Sam comes home remarking that there is a new boy at school and his gang doesn't like him because he is a "foreigner," it is only natural to ask some questions. If such questions are motivated by a desire to help Sam understand and solve a problem in human relations—perhaps race relations—the ensuing conversation will be a very practical discussion of applied religion. The same is true of all the happenings of the day as they are reported around the dinner table or the fireside. The news heard over the radio

or read in the evening paper should never be taken raw, but should be discussed in the light of good morals and religious conviction.

When such discussions are in progress we will often find it helpful to turn to a Bible text for a principle upon which to base our consideration. A statement recalled from the pastor's sermon may be the connecting link, or a thought from last Sunday's Sunday school lesson. Such references can lead to serious conversation of the most constructive sort.

Religion is at home in any group interested in talking things over. A downtown club of men who meet around a table each noon for lunch, claims no bent toward religion but in the center of the table are three books: a world almanac, a dictionary and a Bible.

The function of the parent in the family discussion is tactfully to direct the conversation into areas of religion and then to be on guard that the attitude be one of positive approach rather than that of argument or debate. Such conversations must not be forced or interjected at a stated time because a parent feels that the family needs to talk religion. An alert father or mother can easily determine when a conversation is on such a plane, and the time appropriate, to warrant stepping it up to higher levels. This can be done without preaching or making pious pronouncements.

Frequently children, especially small children, ask questions about religion that seem humorous to adults. No wise parent will allow his amusement to be evident at such a time, but will seriously consider the matter which is a real problem to the child. Only by such an attitude can a parent keep his child's confidence and hope to have opportunities to be helpful in the days ahead.

When parents themselves have a natural spiritual relationship with God, the atmosphere of the home will show that they recognize that God is present. Conversation will be different. Decisions will be made in terms of social responsibility and Christian service. Family relationships and the sharing of duties will reflect a higher devotion, and all will know that God is the head of that house.

Jesus pictured the profound truths of his gospel in terms of homely everyday happenings: men building houses, women kneading bread, farmers planting and reaping, shepherds tending their sheep, children playing in the market-place and the like. All men's activities have purpose and can be pursued with high motives and significant results.

God intends his children to enjoy the life he has planned for them. Jesus demonstrated its naturalness and reality. Parents are privileged to lead their children in the Way, the Truth and the Life, by their own daily example of devotion and consecration. When to this is added their wise counsel and guidance in the day-by-day interpretation of the things that happen—within the family and without—home can be God's training school in effective, successful living.



Sooner or later every family faces  
the problem of . . .

# The *Teen-Ager* and *His Money*

By Ethel F. Brown

**T** EEN-AGERS with money! That's a laugh," commented a friend of mine. "Our boys are always broke. It takes a lot of money to keep up with all the things young people do these days. It seems to slip through their fingers like sawdust, creating as it goes an unending line of problems for both parents and youth."

Money is one of the tension points between youth and their parents today. Youth argues, "But all our crowd does this and has that," while parents reason, "It isn't always possible for us to have everything that others have."

Then, anxious that their children compare favorably with classmates and friends, parents begin to ask questions. "How large an allowance do teen-agers get, anyway?" "Is an allowance just spending money?" "How much do they earn?" "How do they spend their money?" And the answers vary as widely as do the teen-agers themselves. Allowances range from fifty cents to \$10 weekly. A teen-ager may earn from a dollar for cutting a lawn or baby sitting to \$25 a week for an after-school-and-Saturday job. His money is spent on a wide variety of amusements and refreshments, ranging from the school ball game to the Ice Follies, the local movie to a symphony concert, and from the after-school "coke" to the in-town supper and an evening with "the best girl."

The answers to these questions do not supply the solution to the teen-age money problem for which parents are seeking. The amount of money a young person has may depend upon many circumstances. Some receive much more than is

good for them, while others do not have enough, and still others, because of the family economic situation or from preference, must earn if they have any to spend at all. Yet, all of these groups attend the same school and belong to the same clubs. Frequently, those who have the most money to use as they choose, by their suggestions, manner of dress, and influence, set standards and build programs far out of financial reach for others, causing embarrassment and unhappiness. How, then, can parents help their young people to establish an *esprit de corps* regardless of the amount of money they

have or the influence or lack of it which their parents possess?

**W** E HAVE called it a teen-age money problem. But, actually, money creates problems for most of us. Isn't it a "touch and go" struggle to get sufficient for our needs? Or, should I say our "wants"? It is wanting something beyond what we can afford, doing what our "set" does, the "keeping up with the Joneses," that really creates the problem with both teen-agers and their elders. So basically, it is a matter of attitudes, after all. Therefore, if we can help our young people



—A. Devaney.

Both allowances and part-time earnings need to be budgeted for spending, sharing, and saving. Then young people know just how many sodas they can have at the corner drugstore.



to establish and maintain right attitudes toward money and its use, we shall have gone a long way toward solving a very real and very trying problem. And somewhere along the way both youth and adults need to learn or relearn that we are only the stewards of our possessions, that all we have is given us in trust from God.

Along what lines, then, should we proceed?

First, let us face the facts. Money is one of the most dominating factors in our civilization today. Its influence reaches into our everyday life and relationships. Success or failure to live a happy, useful and well-integrated life may often be attributed to the attitudes which an individual holds toward money. It is extremely important, therefore, that our children learn early in life how to use money for well-balanced living, never judging success or failure of a person by the size of his bank account, never spending just for the sheer joy of it, or merely to "keep up with the crowd."

The fact that money must be earned before it can be spent has not entered deeply into the consciousness of many of our young people. Nor have they stopped to realize that the money which they spend and that which is used to supply and renew the everyday necessities of life comes as the result of some person's toil, usually their father's. Looking at it from this point of view, money is no longer just money, dollars and cents, to be spent wisely or foolishly, according to a mood. It represents a part of the very life and energy of the person who earns it. It is the return for his investment of time and strength and, consequently, should be used to purchase only those things valuable enough to justify the spending of part of one's life to obtain.

**J**ACK, a high school sophomore, like many teen-agers of his time, has grown up in a comfortable home where all his necessities and many luxuries are supplied as a matter of course. Where the money comes from to keep all of this going week after week and year after year is a thought that

has not occurred to Jack. Nor has he considered how many hours of his father's life are represented in the money he spends so freely. He has an allowance, but when it is gone, he needs only to ask for more although sometimes he has to do a lot of coaxing and often he starts "a scene" between him and his parents. He accepts as "his right" as much money for spending as other members of his crowd. His allowance is really just "spending money" to use as he pleases.

Let us compare Jack and his attitude with Bill and Mary. Bill is a high school senior and Mary a junior. The financial background of the two families is similar.

Early in life Bill and Mary were made to feel a part of the family corporation. The father's income was considered the family fund, from which each member received his fair share, and each shared the responsibility of seeing that it was wisely used. At family sessions the amount necessary for running expenses (rent, food, clothing, insurance, etc.) was decided upon; the needs of individual members were discussed and allowances set up according to the requirements and maturity of judgment of the person to receive it; a certain amount was put aside for giving to the church and other worthy causes; likewise, an amount to be saved was agreed upon. Thus Bill and Mary came to understand not only the extent of the family income but the number and scope of the demands upon it as time and again the budget was discussed and planned.

**A**T FIRST, the allowance was to cover the cost of school supplies, church school offering, spending money, and savings. They kept an account which was checked by their parents. As they grew older and proved themselves ready for greater responsibility, the allowance was increased to pay for simple articles of clothing, school lunches, and class dues, until now it covers just about all their expenses including clothing. They budget their allowances dividing them, as is done with the family income, into three general groups,

(1) **SPENDING**, for running expenses—lunches, carfare, clothing, recreation; (2) **SHARING**, for church offerings, Red Cross, relief; (3) **SAVING**, for college or some special project.

Bill and Mary both do part-time work and their earnings are budgeted in the same manner as their allowances. Most of what they earn goes into savings for college, though occasionally they treat themselves to something special or buy gifts for other members of the family.

There are no scenes such as those to which Jack referred. They understand the family's financial situation and realize that should they ask for more money they would take part of some other member's fair share. They know exactly the amount they have to use for recreation and clothing and spend it in ways that will produce the most satisfaction. The lessons which they have learned will prove most valuable when, in future years, they have to face the responsibility of running homes of their own.

On the other hand, Jack's parents have kept him in ignorance of the financial condition of the family and he has continued to grow more thoughtless, selfish, and demanding. Why should he try to stay within his allowance when they continue to pass out additional sums whenever he asked for them? In not permitting him to understand and have a voice in the distribution of the family income, Jack's parents are doing him a grave injustice. Their practice of supplementing his allowance is depriving him of the self-discipline necessary to plan for the wise use of his money, the need to choose, from among many, the things which will bring him the best value and the most satisfaction.

**T**HEY WOULD do well to learn how one set of parents solved the problem. They were harassed by constant requests for "a sport jacket because everyone else is wearing one" and "a ballerina skirt because just all the girls have them." They figured out how much they had spent for clothing for their two teen-agers in the past year and compared it with what



they could afford. Then they called their young people in and put the facts before them and co-operatively they decided upon a fair amount for a year's clothing.

"Now," said the father, "we have decided that you are to purchase your own clothing. This is the amount you will have to spend each year. At the beginning of each quarter there will be made available to you one fourth of this amount. We will not interfere with your selections. If, however, you make a poor choice or buy something which you afterward dislike you must wear it or go without. It will not be replaced. Also, you must protect your health, providing rubbers, warm clothing, and keeping your shoes in repair."

The young people were delighted with this arrangement and spent practically all of their first quar-

ter's allotment the first day. They found the next three months a long time to wait before something new could be procured. Mending was necessary to make things last. However, the next quarterly allotment was spent with greater care and more attention given the clothing they already had. Now they budget their allowance to provide for extras. They have made some poor choices but they have learned that one extravagance must be paid for by curtailment in something else. Instead of wanting something because everyone else has it, they have learned that they must choose since their budget will not permit haphazard spending.

We wish that there could be some stock answer, some specific solution, to this matter of the teenager and his money, but it must be settled by the individual family in

the light of family background, financial standing, and in accordance with the maturity of judgment and the ability of the teenager to accept responsibility. We believe, however, that parents will find their young people open and honest in their responses and, when confronted with facts, understanding and cooperative if they will—

- (1) help their young people to establish right attitudes toward money and its use;
- (2) help them to understand the financial status of the family;
- (3) plan cooperatively with them the amount of the allowance and the items which it is to cover;
- (4) be willing, as age, requirements, and ability increase, to enlarge the allowance to permit the full responsibility for the purchase and payment of those items necessary to their complete well-being.

## Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Like March weather--

78 99 115 75 98

B. To move in a jerky manner -----

63 83 114 95 57 82

C. Cash, coins, bills -----

119 65 79 49 55

D. A coop, or bin, such as rabbits are kept in ---

68 90 46 15 100

E. Curly, like hair -----

41 109 102 70

F. A beaten track, any path or course -----

106 18 24 13 11 28 36

G. Well, free from disease

25 17 54 44 12 40 35

H. Boy's name, also a male turkey -----

116 105 59

I. Male relative, what Cain was to Abel ---

6 66 89 19 42 26 76

J. Maize, or parched or dried corn -----

88 58 3 80 104 29

K. To protect, to drive back or away -----

53 48 32 103 86 27

L. A foe, an opponent ---

85 61 45 5 14

M. Falsehood -----

107 51 113

N. A dwelling, usually for one family -----

117 62 111 91 71

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12	13	14		15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23		24	25	26		27	28	29	30		31
	33	34	35		36	37	38	39	40		41
43	44	45		46	47	48		49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56		57	58	59	60		61	62
	64	65	66		67	68	69		70	71	72
74		75	76	77	78		79	80	81	82	83
84	85	86		87	88	89	90		91	92	93
95		96	97	98		99		100	101	102	103
104	105		106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	
115		116	117	118	119						

O. A broad street -----

77 50 60 23 38 69

P. Weapon with which David killed the giant--

30 52 22 9 81 56 34 10 33

Q. Disorderly behavior, uproar -----

112 43 37 87

R. Speed, hurry, quickness

47 101 74 67 7

S. Painful, tender -----

110 31 73 108

T. Genuine, not artificial--

21 2 93 94

U. Not thoroughly cooked, underdone -----

8 97 16 118

V. The floor of a fireplace

84 4 72 1 39 92

W. Male descendant, what Joseph was to Jacob--

96 20 64

(Solution on page 44.)



Are YOU Guilty?  
Do you ignore . . .

# The American Family's

## Blind Spot

WHAT is blocking the achievement of happy family life in America? The twin signs of unhappy family life, divorce and delinquency, both increasing in alarming proportions, are not the only evidences that many Americans are unable to find happiness in family living. Any minister, doctor, social worker, or school-teacher can give indisputable evidence that a large burden of unhappiness lies upon many families where enough control remains to prevent divorce and avoid the more obvious evidences of delinquency. Husbands and wives—and children, too—want to achieve happy family life and sincerely try to achieve it, but many find the way blocked.

Surely this lack of success is not because Americans do not have the resources for developing adequate family life! No country has greater personal and material resources or greater opportunity to use them. In no country is the family freer to work out its destiny. The late Ruth Benedict, noted anthropologist of Columbia University, expressed it as her belief that this difficulty in achieving happiness in family living is due to a "blind spot" especially fostered in our American life.\* The resources of our happiness, our *privileges*, which ought to make it possible for us to achieve greater happiness, actually create a difficulty because we cannot see the inseparable relationship of privilege and responsibility. We have acquired and fostered the attitude that privileges can be expected and

enjoyed without responsibility on our part for their creation, development, or perpetuation. We have not learned that the privileges we enjoy are the products of the responsible labors of others and that they contribute to our happiness only when we receive and use them as responsible persons.

What are some of these privileges that we desire and expect? Among the general and most basic ones are such as these: *Freedom*—the privilege of free choice in making decisions and responding to a variety of situations; *Democracy*—non-authoritarian group life in which there is mutual regard of persons and a concern for the common welfare; *Security*—an assurance of the resources necessary to meaningful existence; and *Personality*—the preservation of individuality and the opportunity to become creative persons.

WE ARE awakening to the sad realization that advantages or privileges do not insure happiness. We have seen our children (adults also!) take precious and hard-earned privileges to use them for their own and others' hurt. Our privileges have been accepted as something due us, taken unappreciatively, exploited irresponsibly, and have left us disappointed, confused, and frustrated. It is not the possession of privileges which creates happiness, but the responsible participation in the creative process which has produced these privileges and which, in the morally intelligent use of them, will

By M. E. Willcockson

produce ever greater ones. To accept a privilege makes one responsible for its wise use.

The precious privilege of freedom allows the American adult to choose whether or not he (or she) will take on the conditions of family living. One is not compelled by law or tradition to marry and rear a family. A responsible use of this privilege would lead to an adequate understanding of the obligations of family living and preparation for it as a requisite to understanding it. When this privilege is used to begin family life thoughtlessly and to withdraw from it upon the first signs of difficulty, it is no source of happiness.

In our society a person is free to choose his marriage partner. Marriages are not arranged by parents or other external agency. But this privilege of choosing is bound with the responsibility for using one's best wisdom and for abiding by the consequences of one's decision. Divorce is far less justifiable when the marriage was a result of choice than it would be if one had no such choice. To choose marriage and a marriage partner commits one to such conduct as will achieve the goals of marriage and family life.

A married couple is free to choose whether or not they will bear children. To have children by choice places persons under the responsibility for creating the kind of environment that will make it possible for them to have the best opportunity for fullest develop-

\*"Are Families Passé?" in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, December 25, 1948.



ment. To bear children for the satisfaction of selfish whims, without love and care, or without discrimination is an exercise of the privilege of choice which can bring no happiness.

**T**HE CITY in which I live is considered one of the privileged communities in a privileged country. It has many large homes and many middle-aged and older people whose children are grown. Many of these fine houses have large unused spaces. Not far away families have been living in old cars, tents, trailers, and shacks because there was nothing they could buy or rent. Persons of culture and intelligence who would grace any home and community have been deteriorating in Europe's Displaced Persons Camps because no assurance could be made for living quarters in this country.

While most of these middle-aged men are engaged yet in their businesses, their wives, now relieved from family responsibilities, enjoy more leisure than at any time in their lives. The fact that they fill this time with club and other social activities only emphasizes the freedom they possess to choose what they shall do with their time. These unused rooms and this increased leisure are privileges which these people enjoy and, to an appreciable degree, have earned. But the very possession of them in the face of great present-day needs places these persons under responsibility. To hoard luxuries while persons suffer for living quarters and many of the world's great jobs go unmanned is such an irresponsible use of privilege that it is no wonder our doctors' offices and eccentric cults are filled with these middle-aged people who seek some relief from the frustrations that possess them.

**T**HE relation of privilege and responsibility is learned first and most effectively at home. This "blind spot" by which we see privilege without responsibility has been fostered in our homes. A child is born into a world of privilege. The family environment in to which he comes is provided by



—Three Lions.

—Hibbs.

Giving him every advantage is not enough. Without a personal sense of responsibility he will create disappointment, confusion and frustration.

the responsible labors of others. The fact that the child did not choose to be born does not free him from sharing the responsibility that makes life possible for him. The child who is not guided (mind you, I didn't say "pushed") to learn the satisfactions of self-discipline and of the care of his clothing and toys from his earliest years is encouraged to acquire the blind spot which separates privilege from responsibility.

The child to whom gifts come easily and who has not learned that giving is sharing and that sharing is a two-way process, and the child

that receives an allowance from the family income without sharing in the family duties, are being aided in developing the blind spot where he can expect to enjoy privilege without responsibility.

All persons, both children and adults, must be helped to appreciate the privileges which they have and may expect to have, but also they must recognize that to expect such privileges without responsibility is unrealistic, parasitic, and can result only in personal and social demoralization. It is not the possession of privilege that makes for happiness, but the highest moral use of it.





A short story about two practical  
jokers—or are there three?

MISS LUCY swirled the frosting deftly and stood back to survey her handiwork. The birthday cake for Lon was a triumph—no doubt of that. The ripples and folds of her boiled icing were hardening slowly to that exquisite, creamy firmness for which she was so justly famed. The legend, “Happy Birthday, Lon,” in green fondant had meant work, but it would be worth all that and more to see Lon’s face when he cut the cake after choir practice tonight.

“You’re pretty as a picture,” said Miss Lucy to the cake. “‘Taint often an object lesson looks as good as you do.” And she set the transparent plastic cover of the cake carrier down over it gently and fastened the clamps. She sat down on a stool by the kitchen window and chuckled deeply and happily to herself.

Through the open window came the scent of late lilacs and the clacking sound of her neighbor

Lon’s lawn mower. Above the clack and clatter Miss Lucy could hear Lon’s variable middle-aged voice in an uncertain rendition of a popular tune of the moment.

As he swept plaintively down the edge of the gravel walk, he saw Miss Lucy at the window and raised one hand in salute. “Number three on the Hit Parade,” he called.

“He’ll never grow up,” said Miss Lucy to herself. “He’ll just always be one of them adoles-



# By Katherine Reeves

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT

cents." She watched Lon vary his course with the lawn mower for her benefit by running it in large scallops through the lush emerald grass—"just one of them playboys all his life." She concluded her thoughts of Lon and got up briskly to start supper. It would never do to hold up choir practice tonight. And she must save enough time to whip up the butter icing for the chocolate cake she had promised the young people's society for its bake sale tomorrow. The egg kisses for the sale would have to be made last thing in the morning, to be fresh.

**M**ISS LUCY always worked fast and well, and supper tonight was no exception. When Henry got home from the hardware store she was stirring the fried chicken gravy. The table on the screened side porch was spread with a crisp yellow cloth, and a bowl of fragrant mock orange blossoms was set carefully to one side. Henry liked to be able to see his wife's face at mealtime and would allow neither flowers nor candles in the center of the table. "Lucy's face over a platter of fried chicken is decoration enough for me," he always assured company.

When Henry turned in at the gate Miss Lucy took off her apron and went to unlatch the screen door. Henry kissed her warmly. "Smells good," he said, in a tone of intense appreciation.

"Me or the chicken?" inquired Miss Lucy.

"Umm—" replied Henry.

Since this was his usual reply to questions which he considered rhetorical or ill-advised Miss Lucy accepted the comment as a comprehensive tribute to home.

There was little conversation at the supper table. As they ate, the soft spring sunset threw a shaft of red-gold light across the table, enhancing its comfort and color. The marvelous fragrance of the lilac was intensified in the early evening air, and the new cut grass sent up its own fresh and lovely

scent. "I'd purr if I could on a night like this," said Miss Lucy, getting up reluctantly to clear the table.

Henry pushed his chair back from the table. "If your conscience would let you skip choir practice for once we might take a run out the river road tonight," he suggested.

"Oh, Henry, you've forgot what night this is," said Miss Lucy. "This is Lon's birthday. You know I can't skip choir practice tonight."

"You made that birthday cake?" he inquired casually.

"Henry," said Miss Lucy sharply. "What's the matter with you? You know I made it. You brought me the pan at noon." She chuckled. "It's a beauty, too, if I do say so myself."

"Think Lon deserves it?" asked Henry.

"After what Lon's done all these years to other folks, a dose of his own medicine ought to do him a world of good—just a world of real good," said Miss Lucy firmly. "You're goin' to help out like you promised, Henry—we're counting on you." She got up from the table and began to collect the silver.

But his questions had raised a doubt that nibbled at her peace of mind. "A practical joker finally has to get his comeuppance," she said; "and that's what we aim to give Lon tonight." She paused, and watched Henry. But he gave her no cues—neither approval nor disapproval.

"Anything new?" he finally inquired.

"No—but there was the April Fool's Day—when he had brother John's New York visitors met at the edge of town and escorted to the city hall as traffic violators . . . and there was the time last week when he had the preacher called to the church to marry a couple that wasn't there. The preacher was in the garden, too, putting out his onion sets, and he had to dress. And there was the Woman's Club fracas—when he had two white mice delivered in a florist's box to the speaker's table. That about turned the town upside down."

"Like to 'a' been there myself,"

said Henry, laughing much more heartily than Miss Lucy felt the recital warranted.

For the next half hour Miss Lucy hustled around. The chocolate cake was frosted and tucked away in its carrier on the pantry shelf. With Henry's help the dishes were washed and the kitchen polished to that state of shining readiness for a new day which was essential to Miss Lucy's peaceful sleep. Miss Lucy changed into her lavender voile, and when her friend Louella rang the doorbell at seven-thirty she was ready to go. Henry waved them on their way from his seat in the glider on the front porch. "I'll see you at nine o'clock sharp," he said.

Choir practice went well. Everyone was prompt, so they got off to a full start. There was a buoyancy and joyousness about the spring evening that stimulated good singing. Folks in the park square commented to one another that the singers were outdoing themselves tonight. And to the choir, there was the added spice of expectancy and anticipation that gave wings to the anthems and the hymns. Lon's rumbling baritone range out with feeling and good will.

When nine o'clock came, Miss Lucy called out above the murmur of conversation: "We're havin' a little celebration before we go home tonight folks. One of our members has a birthday. Will you all come down to the social room in about five minutes? Just give us five minutes' start!" And she hurried with Louella down to the church kitchen.

The table had been laid in the social room to blend in with the decorations of Miss Lucy's cake. Miss Lucy stopped to take a look and enjoy its beauty. With white plates of pink strawberry ice cream it would be a dream. She was glad Henry would get there to see it.

Henry was a few moments late. "Had a time findin' a near-by place to park," he said to Miss Lucy, coming into the kitchen where she was dishing out the ice cream. "Didn't want to walk too far with this beauty in my hands—might 'a' been highjacked."



And he set the carrier down on the drainboard.

"Light the candles, Henry," directed Miss Lucy; "but first set the cake down at the far end of the table, in front of where Lon's goin' to sit!" Henry carried the cake carefully to its appointed spot and stuck a match to light the tiny tapers. Louella passed plates of ice cream through the service opening in the wall where they were received by willing hands and placed on the birthday table.

"There's seconds on ice cream," said Miss Lucy to Louella.

"Seconds on cake, too?" asked Louella innocently, and then both of them giggled like schoolgirls.

"Come on, you two," called Henry through the service window. "Fun's about to start."

Miss Lucy whipped off her apron and hustled into the social room just as Lon was being escorted to the place of honor, to the spirited tune of "Happy Birthday" thumped out on the piano and sung with gusto by the choir. As she slipped into her chair nearest the kitchen door she looked down at Lon's end of the table; then in anger and surprise she looked at Henry. His face was turned toward Lon, bland and innocent and full of admiration for the shining, sleek evidence of his wife's cake-making prowess. There in the tender light of fifty blazing and guttering birthday candles was the magnificent chocolate cake intended for the bake sale.

Miss Lucy gulped, half rose to her feet, then sat down again. For on Lon's face was an expression she had never seen before. He looked like a little boy who was let into the circus for the first time, and, more than that, like a kid that had been hungry and now saw a good plate of supper right in front of him. Miss Lucy was startled, and not a little disquieted by the look on Lon's face.

"You done this fer me, Lucy?" he asked unbelievably.

Miss Lucy caught Henry's eye, and gulped again. Then her voice rang out clear and strong and comforting. "And why not fer you, Lon? Who's got a better right to a surprise party than you have, I'd like to ask? Now blow

out them candles before they ruin the icing." To herself she thought, "I made one of them double-indenters."

With a mighty blow Lon extinguished the candles. Then he cut into the cake, and lifted the slices, light as down, onto the waiting plates. No one seemed to care that the strawberry ice cream was melting and that chocolate cake was not the exact accompaniment for strawberry ice cream anyway. Everybody ate with zest, including Lon.

"How come you to get so mixed up on the cakes?" Miss Lucy inquired when she and Henry were finally at home alone. "Lon's cake was lettered *Happy Birthday, Lon*, plain as it could be—seems a funny mistake for you to make, Henry."

"Never occurred to me to look at the letterin'," said Henry. "Just thought a birthday cake would be chocolate, by rights."

"Henry," said Miss Lucy, "sometimes I don't understand you."

"How about a slice of Lon's other cake?" suggested Henry, bringing it from the pantry and

setting it on the kitchen table in all its pink and white and delicate green beauty. "Shall we call him over to cut it?"

"I should say not," said Miss Lucy. "You can have the fun of it now," and she handed him a knife.

"Happy birthday, Lon," said Henry. The knife cut swiftly through the creamy icing, and hit a ringing thud on the new tin pan just underneath the icing. Henry looked startled. Then he began to laugh, and soon Miss Lucy had to join in, in spite of herself. They laughed until the tears rolled weakly down their faces, and they were limp and gasping.

"Well," said Miss Lucy at last, "you just can't turn the tables on a practical joker. I was the one to get the comeuppance after all."

It wasn't until they were in bed that Miss Lucy asked the final question. But she just couldn't let Henry go peacefully to sleep without knowing the answer. "Did you really make a mistake in those cakes, Henry, or did you know what you were doin' all the time?"

"Umm—" replied Henry.

## Puzzle Kite

By Eleanor Hammond

Like a Lion this month may  
Come, and go like a Lamb, they  
say.

Loud and strong the Wind will  
shout

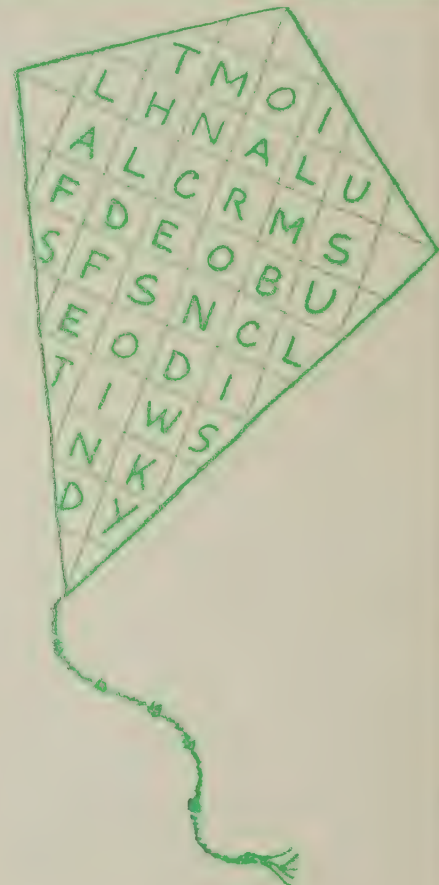
Turning Umbrellas inside-out.

Daffodil and Crocus show

Small green Noses through the  
Snow.

Kites sail when the Sky is clear—  
March, the windy Month is here!

At least twelve of the important nouns in the rhyme can be found on the puzzle kite. Begin in any square you choose to spell a word. Then move from that square to another square that touches it. You may move up, down, right, left or cornerwise—but you must not skip over any squares.





Look about you.

You may need some new . . .

# Pictures for Your Home

**T**HE PICTURES on the wall of a home tell much about the people who live there. In general, pictures speak of the taste and background of those who choose and hang them. They show how much or how little the occupants really care about their surroundings and whether they make the effort to select furnishings which are decorative, and at the same time have meaning and value.

Pictures are never mere decoration since they may also be quite personal, speaking of some attachment or association. A family may select a landscape because it reminds them of a place where they went for a wonderful vacation. Or, mother may buy and frame a print of "Little Margot Berard" by Renoir, not only because it is a lovely thing, but also because it reminds her of her small child.

The boy of the family may beg for Marc's "Blue Horses" because he likes the color and the "way the lines weave in and out" and besides, he likes horses!

Everyone may want a large print of Giotto's "St. Francis and the Birds" in the living room, daughter because she is a nature lover, and son because he admires St. Francis. Still another member of the family likes it because this work of art pleases him like a piece of great music.

And so, whether you are buying pictures for the first time for your new home, or whether you are taking a critical inventory of those which have hung on your walls for twenty years, you will be asking yourself, "Is this good art and are we going to like it for a long time?"

In your pictures you want meaning, value, beauty, and a decorative quality which will include colors related to the other furnishing of the room. At the same time, you want to choose something that everyone in the family will like.

Downstairs, in the living rooms you will want to hang the more general pictures which appeal to young and old. A few of these that are considered good art are mentioned in the list at the close of this article. In the children's rooms you will hang pictures which they may enjoy and which are within their experience.

**W**HY NOT make the selection of pictures for the general living rooms a project for the entire family, and then let the children decide on the pictures for their own rooms? One family held a consultation

By Jean Louise Smith



*Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago*

Rembrandt's "Young Girl at an Open Half-Door" is one of many masterpieces that have been reproduced in full color and are available for your home. Any room would be enriched by it.

over the pictures in the parlor. They looked at each one critically as though seeing it for the first time. It was decided that two of the pictures must come down. One, a faded print of a "sunset," with a frame worth saving. The other had to be discarded entirely.

"There isn't a single cheerful colored picture in this room," sighed the mother of this family.

True, there was the large and handsome original etching of a European cathedral, and a fine repro-



duction of Goya's "St. Martin and the Beggar," but, as father remarked, the colors in that were "cold."

And so the family went to the art gallery to see if there was anything they could use. They sent for catalog listings and ordered a few small reproductions of pictures they thought they might like, but wanted to see before ordering a large print. They finally decided on the colorful and lovely "Lady Sewing" by Renoir. This they placed in the frame of the discarded picture.

In this family each child was allowed to choose pictures for his or her room. Again the art gallery and picture catalogs were consulted and picture files in the art room of the public library. They found a wealth of pictures to choose from.

**W**HAT is good art?" someone asks. "How can I know, unless I've taken courses in art?"

You have to be your own judge. First of all, you must really like a picture. You must like it because it says something to you. Perhaps it tells you a story, or recalls an association. Its lines and colors may please you immensely. It may soothe and quiet you like a Chopin waltz or give you a happy "lift" every time you look at it. Take down any picture that you don't really like and replace it with one you enjoy.

Good art has harmonious colors and is pleasing in arrangement. When all else fails and you feel utterly incapable of judgment of art, then you can always go to the "experts"—to the people who are art authorities. Though you may not agree with them, art books, museum directors, and art teachers may guide you in making a choice.

A few pointers in regard to art for children: have a variety of pictures in a child's room. You might include a nature scene that is quieting and restful, and an action picture with children in it who are doing something. Boys and girls both like animals, while girls enjoy domestic pictures such as Mary Cassatt's "Mother and Child" and Manet's "The Laundry."

It is important to keep art within the experience of the child, yet, of course, one may hope to broaden his outlook by introducing pictures such as Rivera's "Child in the Checked Dress" (a Mexican child). It will be helpful to read with the children about specific pictures in books such as Amy Stedman's *Stories of the Painters*, Anna Curtis Chandler's *Treasure Trails in Art*, and Anna M. Berry's *Art for Children*. Children will like to look at *Pictures to Grow Up With* and *More Pictures to Grow Up With* by Katharine Gibson, and they will delight in *Giotto Tended the Sheep* and *Millet Tills the Soil* by Sybil Duecher and Opal Wheeler.

Keep the walls uncluttered—don't have too many pictures in a child's room, and hang them low enough that they are on a level with his eye. If you have a good many pictures, put up three or four at a time and change them every few months.



Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago  
"On the Terrace" by Auguste Renoir. As is true of all great work, its appeal is as wide today as in 1881 when it was first painted. Could you use it in your home?

**I**N REGARD to religious pictures, which every Christian home is sure to want, children like those showing Jesus as a child and events of his ministry. Nativity scenes such as Correggio's "Holy Night," Giorgione's "Adoration of the Shepherds," and Giotto's "Flight into Egypt" are appreciated not only by children but by the entire family. Masaccio and Ghirlandajo both painted simple, reverent pictures of the calling of the disciples.

At special times of the year such as Christmas, Easter, and the coming of spring, pictures pertaining to the season might receive attention. At those times a picture could be taken from the wall and placed in a position of special prominence to be used as a focus for attention at family devotions. One of the children might look up and prepare a brief story of interpretation of the picture and share it with other members of the family.

Rembrandt was a prolific painter of religious subjects and his pictures do not have the symbolism that other painters of his period used. For that reason, his interpretations are especially meaningful to Protestants. Dürer is another artist who has much to offer Protestants. Greatly influenced by Luther, he gave us many New Testament portrayals. Among these is the matchless "Four Apostles."

What about modern art for the home? If at all possible, each home should acquire at least one original work. A watercolor, etching, or oil painting is



not as expensive as one might think. Investigate the possibilities when you go to an exhibit of contemporary art at your local gallery. Perhaps a near-by college or state university has on its faculty an artist in residence. Find out about his work and if you see something you like, buy it. You'll get a thrill out of owning an original.

In buying prints, be sure to secure good ones. The coloring of some of the inexpensive prints put out by art museums is excellent and they are often worth framing. Art dealers like Raymond and Raymond and the Medici Prints (sold through your local art stores) handle fine quality prints ideal for framing. In the long run, it is worth while to put money into a fine print. It will bring you lasting enjoyment.

Because they are an important part of your home, choose your pictures with great care. Select those you like to keep on your walls the rest of your life.

#### Pictures Everyone Can Enjoy

The Annunciation—Angelico  
 Flowers—Bonnard  
 The Blue Vase—Cezanne  
 The Poplars—Cezanne  
 Saying Grace—Chardin  
 The Cornfield—Constable  
 Spring—Corot  
 Holy Night—Correggio  
 Elephants at the Circus—Curry  
 Line Storm—Curry  
 Praying Hands—Dürer  
 The Blue Boy—Gainsborough  
 Flight Into Egypt—Giotto  
 St. Francis and the Birds—Giotto  
 Sunflowers—Van Gogh  
 St. Martin and the Beggar—Greco  
 Church at Old Lyme—Hassam  
 Avenue of Trees—Hobbema  
 Fog Warning—Homer  
 Courtyard of a Dutch House—de Hoch  
 Peace and Plenty—Innis  
 The Boy Lincoln—Johnson  
 Blue Horses—Marc  
 Harp of the Winds—Martin, Homer  
 The Angelus—Millet  
 Children of the Shell—Murillo  
 Christ With the Pilgrim Staff—Rembrandt  
 Young Girl at Open Half-Door—Rembrandt  
 By the Seashore—Renoir  
 Child in Checked Dress—Riviera  
 The Torn Hat—Sully  
 The Concert—Terborch  
 The Music Lesson—Vermeer  
 View of Delft—Vermeer  
 The Last Supper—da Vinci

#### Especially for Boys

Don Manuel Osario de Zugige Goya  
 The Whistling Boy—Duveneck  
 Jockeys at the Start—Degas  
 A Mounted Knight—Dürer  
 Boy with a Red Vest—Cezanne  
 Mother Preparing Her Son for School—Chardin  
 Autumn—Pieter Brueghel  
 Fur Traders Descending the Missouri—George Bigham  
 Departure of the Fishing Fleet—Max Pechstein  
 Boy With a Rabbit—Raeburn

#### Especially for Girls

The Calmady Children—Thomas Lawrence  
 Little Girl in a Rose Dress—Jules Passin  
 On the Terrace—Renoir  
 Two Girls at Piano—Renoir  
 The Lute Player—Caravaggio  
 Young Mother Sewing—Mary Cassatt  
 The Ballet—Degas  
 Woman Writing With a Child—Chardin  
 Girl Reading a Letter—Vermeer  
 Artist and Daughter—Vigee-LeBrun  
 Miss Bowles—Reynolds

#### Dealers in Color Prints

Rudolph Lesch Fine Arts, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave, New York  
 Art Education Press, 6 E. 34th St., New York  
 David Ashley, Inc., 230 Fifth Ave., New York  
 Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 52nd St., New York  
 Artex Prints, Inc., Westport, Conn.

In addition, almost all art galleries and museums have prints and photographs for sale. Write for lists of prints from:

The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.  
 Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City  
 Chicago Art Institute, Chicago, Ill.

## Discipline in the Chinese Home

(From page 7.)

Chinatowns in America, according to Miss Celia Allen, missionary in Chinatown, San Francisco, now have a "chop suey culture," a mixture of Chinese and Occidental. Even those who go all the way in obedience to their ancient teacher have a basic barrier in home life: a father who eventually will become an ancestor to be worshipped will "lose face" if he sits down as an equal with his son or daughter to "talk things over" and arrive at a mutual understanding. Frustration and a sense of insecurity may produce evil results in the inner life of a child as a result of this, but no police record will ever note the damage that is done.

Face saving may also account for failure of children to be apprehended as delinquents. The family may do more than a juvenile court can do to correct the ways of their children. As the third and fourth generations of Chinese live in the United States, the cultural traits of China begin to disappear, with the result that juvenile delinquency is beginning to show a rise in the Chinatowns of America, despite the long record of good behavior.

But there are many Chinese youths in America today whose conduct is beyond the standard required by Confucius. Those boys who would not attempt to break into the circus in the big auditorium even though the trumpeting of the elephants and roar of the lions was tempting them are among them. But beyond the teachings of Confucius they have the teachings of Jesus as brought to them in Chung Mei Home where Charles R. Shepherd is the Christian leader. Beyond obedience to honored codes of conduct that are imposed from without, they have a discipline that proceeds outward from Christ who is in their heart.



# Glory to God in the Springtime

THE RETURN of spring with its mystery of renewed life and growth is a thrilling experience for little children. Their wonder and surprise may become worship as parents give a religious interpretation to these annual occurrences.

As evidences of spring are seen in new grass, budding leaves and blossoms, children can begin to know that these things are a part of God's plan for beauty and for food. This verse then becomes meaningful to them:

And God said, Let the earth put forth grass, herbs yielding seed, and fruit-tree bearing fruit after their kind, wherein is the seed thereof, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, herbs yielding seed after their kind, and trees bearing fruit, wherein is the seed thereof, after their kind: and God saw that it was good.

—Genesis 1:11-12.

Spring rains may fill children with delight or they may be the cause of disappointment if they prevent a child from playing outdoors, going on a trip, or the like. Pleasure may be increased or disappointment decreased by understanding that rain, too, is a part of God's wonderful plan for the earth. This verse may help to give a child such understanding:

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,  
Thou providest them grain, when thou hast so prepared the earth,  
Thou waterest its furrows abundantly;  
Thou makest it soft with showers;  
Thou blessest the springing thereof.

—Psalm 65:9-10.

Trees provide a child with many joys other than food: shade for play, support for swings, the adventure of climbing and a shelter for birds. Trees also are a part of God's plan for his world.

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## Day Before Springtime

Clean and fresh the winds are blowing,  
There's an end to winter snowing.

There's a fragrant hint of spring  
Breathing forth from everything.

Now the first bold lark I see  
Perched upon a leafless tree.

Listen, how he sings this tune:  
"Spring is coming soon—oh, soon!"

—ELEANOR HAMMOND.  
From *Junior World*.



## WORSHIP IN THE

with 4

The trees of the Lord are filled with moisture,  
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;  
Where the birds make their nests:  
As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.

—Psalm 104:16-17.

In the Spring, bird life fascinates most children. God has planned for birds to know how to build their nests, to care for their young, and to flood the air with joyous song.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house,  
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young.

—Psalm 84:3.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;  
They run among the mountains;  
By them the birds of the heavens have their habitation;  
They sing among the branches.

—Psalm 104:10, 12.

The passing of winter giving release from heavy clothing; the coming of warm days bringing the freedom of outdoor play; the joy children feel in beauty may be summarized for them in this verse:

For lo, the winter is past;  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.  
The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs,  
And the vines are in blossom;  
They give forth their fragrance.

—Song of Solomon 2:11-13.

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## The Year's at the Spring

The year's at the spring,  
And the day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

—ROBERT BROWNING.



# Children



## *Now the Spring Has Come Again*

Now the spring has come again, joy and warmth will follow,  
Cold and wet are quite forgot, northward flies the swallow;  
Over sea and land and air spring's soft touch is everywhere  
And the world looks cleaner;  
All our sinews feel new-strung, hearts are light that once were wrung,  
Youthful zests are keener.

All the woods are new in leaf, all the fruit is budding,  
Bees are humming round the hive, done with winter's brooding;  
Seas are calm and blue again, clouds no more foretell the rain,  
Woods are soft and tender;  
High above, the kingly sun laughs once more his course to run,  
Shines in all his splendor.

God is in the midst of her. God commands her duty;  
Earth does but reflect his light, mirrors back his beauty;  
God's the fount whence all things flow, great and small, above, below,  
God's their only maker:  
We but poorest patterns are of that Mind beyond compare,  
God our great Creator.

—PIAE CANTIONES.

—TRANSLATED BY STEWART WILSON.

## *The Glory of the Spring*

The glory of the spring, how sweet!  
The new-born life, how glad!  
What joy the happy earth to greet  
In spring's bright raiment clad!

Divine Renewer, Thee we bless  
For Thy great love and power,  
And greet Thee for Thy loveliness  
Expressed in leaf and flower.

Still let new life and strength up-spring,  
Still let new joy be given;  
And grant the glad new song to ring  
Throughout the earth and heaven.

—THOMAS H. GILL.

## *A Litany for Spring*

A yellow crocus is peeping its head  
through the grass on our lawn.

*Winter is past and gone,  
And lo! the Spring has come.*

Two robins are building their nest  
in the pear tree outside my window.

*Winter is past and gone,  
And lo! the Spring has come.*

The brook in the meadow is singing again  
as it ripples over the rocks in its bed.

*Winter is past and gone,  
And lo! the Spring has come.*

The cherry trees are beginning to bud,  
promising us their ripened fruit in the summer.

*Winter is past and gone,  
And lo! the Spring has come.*

The earth is ready to be prepared for seeds  
So that we may have food to eat.

*Winter is past and gone,  
And lo! the Spring has come.*

*For all of this,  
We thank You, God.*

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCAW.

## *When Spring Unlocks the Flowers*

When spring unlocks the flowers,  
To paint the laughing soil,  
When summer's balmy showers  
Refresh the Mower's toil,  
When winter binds in frosty chains  
The fallow and the flood,  
In God the earth rejoiceth still,  
And owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning,  
And those that love the shade,  
The winds that sweep the mountain,  
Or lull the drowsy glade,  
The sun that from his amber bower  
Rejoiceth on his way,  
The moon and stars their Maker's name  
In silent pomp display.

—REGINALD HEBER.



# Mr. Silver

A Story by

Helen Kitchell Evans

EVERYTHING was being prepared for the Cat Club Show in the Ozark Hotel. All the prize ribbons were ready and each cat was being given a last brushing before he went on display.

Mary ran into the room carrying a little ally cat. "Look, Mother, look everyone," she cried. "I have a cat to enter in the show."

The people stopped to look at Mary and the cat. "Where did you get that kitten?" asked mother.

"I was out in the lobby of the hotel and when a man came in the door, this kitten came in, too, and ran toward me," said Mary.

"It is rather pretty," said one of the members.

"May I please enter my cat?" asked Mary.

"Yes," said the lady in charge of the cat show, "but you must select a name for him."

"Oh, I have already named him. When I saw him coming through the door, his fur looked like silver with the little drops of rain still on his back. "I have named him Mr. Silver," said Mary.

So Mr. Silver took his place among the champion cat of other years and sat as proudly as he could.

"Look, Mother," laughed Mary. "he acts as though he knew I wanted him to be a prize cat."

The judge walked up and down the row of cats. Every now and then he would stop and place a prize ribbon beside some cat. Mary was beginning to feel that Mr. Silver would not get a ribbon at all when the judge stood to look at him.

Mary held her breath and then fairly shouted, "Look, Mother, Mr. Silver has two ribbons beside him. May I look at them?"

"Not just yet," replied Mother, "we will have to wait until the judging is over."

Mary could hardly wait. It seemed the time would never pass. She watched the judge every minute. Then he began to read the list of prize winners. Mary heard, "Mr. Silver, given first prize in the best color class for kittens and first prize in the non-champion class."

"Imagine, just walking into a cat show and winning two prizes," squealed Mary. "Mother may I keep him?"

Mother had been afraid of this question. She said, "Mary, you know we can't keep a pet in the hotel where food is served to the public. The city health department would not allow it."

Mary walked slowly to Mr. Silver and picked him up. His soft fur touched her cheek. Parting with Mr. Silver would be hard to do. Then she had an idea and her face beamed with joy.

"I'm going to call Jane. She doesn't have a kitten. Maybe she could keep him for me and we could both be owners," said Mary.

Mary ran to the telephone holding Mr. Silver tightly in her arms. Soon she returned breathless with excitement, "Mother, Jane can keep Mr. Silver and what is more, she said we would feed him so well that he might receive three ribbons next year."

# A Surprise

A Story by Jessie B. Carlson

MOTHER was raking leaves. Mary had her small rake and was helping Mother. Daddy was digging up the flower beds. Tom had his small shovel and was helping Daddy dig. The sun felt warm on their backs.

"The warm sun helps us know spring will soon be here," Mother said.

"The warm sun will soon help our flowers grow," said Tom.

Just then Mary saw something under a bush. It wasn't a leaf. The leaves were all dead and brown. It wasn't a butterfly. Butterflies flit through the air. It wasn't a bird, because it didn't fly away when Mary walked closer.

"Mother," she called, "Come see what I found."

Mother stopped raking and walked toward Mary. Daddy stopped digging and walked toward Mary. Tom dropped his shovel and ran ahead of both of them.

"What is it, Mary?" Tom asked.

Mother came up behind Tom. Daddy came behind Mother.

"Oh, Mary, it's a crocus!" said Mother. "How beautiful."

"A crocus!" said Daddy. "Right here in our yard."

"A crocus!" said Tom and Mary together.

They all stood still and looked at it for a minute.

"What is a crocus, Mother?" asked Mary.

"A flower," answered Mother. "It is the first flower to bloom after winter weather. Now we *know* spring is almost here."

"Yes, said Daddy, "we must hurry and get our flower beds dug and the seeds planted." And he and Tom went back to work.

"I'm so glad you found this nice surprise for us," Mother said as she hugged Mary.

"I'm glad we were working so I could find it," Mary said as she started raking leaves again.



# That Is Something!

A Story by Frances D. Heron

EMMA was Billy's favorite baby sitter. His earliest recollection was of her smiling dark face and bulky figure bending over his crib murmuring, "Time for Emma's boy to get up." Later it was, "Emma's boy gonna go walking with Emma." Still later, "Emma's boy build Emma a great big block house."

Even after baby Betty Louise was born, it still made no difference in the relationship of Emma and Billy. His big brother status did start her calling him "Billy" instead of "Emma's boy." But she simply made room in her affections for both children and she offset jealousy by encouraging Billy's pride in his little sister.

"Now, Billy," Emma would say, "Le's dress this sweet little chile and take her ridin'." Whereupon Billy would pick out the pink baby cap he particularly liked and he'd hold the little wisp of Betty Louise's black hair while Emma tied a ribbon on it. Then when they went walking toward the park, Emma let Billy push the baby carriage.

Some of Billy's playmates, like Janet, for example, had high school girls for sitters. Janet liked to watch Rosalie, her sitter, standing in front of the mirror making pin curls. Rosalie let her taste coffee too. But Billy wouldn't have traded Emma for Rosalie or any high school girl. Emma was his best friend.

NOBODY could read stories like Emma. Of course, she didn't actually read them. Mother very soon discovered when she asked Emma to write down telephone messages that Emma could neither read nor write. But that didn't prevent her from "reading" stories to Billy. At bedtime Billy would bring out his picture books. Page by page Emma turned through them, making up the story by the pictures. Delightedly she drew forth peals of approval from the little boy with the inquisitive blue eyes and the blond hair that curled up on top in spite of a "real boy" cut.

Then Billy started to kindergarten. His accounts of activities there elicited from Emma excited exclamations of "You don't say!" He told her about being on the committee to walk the turtle; about his superiority at singing; about the playhouse in which Janet was mother and he was father. Oh, kindergarten was a wonderful place!

He proved it further by bringing home evidences of his artistic talent: crayon drawings of houses with smoke pouring out the chimney, of trees and cats and dogs. Billy liked to show them to Emma because she never asked, "Now, what is that a picture of, Billy?" the way other grownups did. Emma always knew. "That is somethin'!" she'd exult. When she

liked some picture especially well Billy would say, "You can have it to take home."

And Emma would give him a hug and answer, "I is gonna hang it right up on my bedroom wall."

At Christmas time the kindergarteners made molds of their hands for their mothers. Billy insisted on making one for Emma too. When she unwrapped it, she just didn't seem to be able to talk at first. Billy stood waiting until she found her voice and declared, "That is somethin'!"

Finally there came the day when Billy rushed home with a drawing of a house and at the top neatly printed the letters "B-I-L-L-Y."

"Look Emma! I can write my name!"

Emma looked at the letters a long time.

ALL THAT summer Billy talked of his approaching sixth birthday in November and of his starting to first grade in September.

"Then I'll be able to read too!" he would shout. "We'll both read the books, Emma." But for some reason Emma always seemed quiet when he talked about learning to read.

It was a beaming Emma, however, who walked into Billy's house one evening early in September.

"Billy," she announced, "I is goin' to school too."

Before Billy and his mother and father could recover from their surprise, Emma went on to explain that when she was a little girl on a Mississippi plantation she was kept so busy picking cotton that there was no time for school. Now at the age of sixty-four she was going to fulfill a long-cherished dream by attending school four nights a week. She and Billy would both learn to read.

"Goody, goody!" Billy jumped up and down in glee. And his parents echoed his encouragement to Emma and her new adventure.

Great was the jubilation of Billy and Emma when they found that they were using the same books at school. Both were learning to read about Dick and Jane and Baby and Mother and Father and Spot and Puff. So it was that every Saturday evening when Emma came to sit with Billy and Betty Louise, she and Billy "studied." Emma's teacher let her have a bunch of flash cards. She and Billy took turns testing each other on the words on the cards. They picked out words they recognized in the newspaper headlines.

"It's too bad there isn't anything in the newspaper about Dick and Jane and Puff and Spot," sighed Billy.

"I am sorry about that too," agreed Emma. Emma spoke very deliberately these days, using every oppor-

(Continued on page 40.)



# Your Child

## Can Be *Precocious*

By Alma E. Osborn

**W**ORDS, WORDS, words! We use one for years, and then suddenly find out its family history and connections, and discover, to our surprise, what an interesting character it really has. *Precocious*, for instance, I discovered means "to ripen early, under favorable conditions"; and it can quite properly be applied to fruits, grains, or vegetables or children. In general usage it is chiefly applied to children who have made exceptionally early mental development.

Do not overlook the last part of the definition—"under favorable conditions." Whether we are considering tangerines or tomatoes, mung beans, or spring wheat, puppies or children, one general rule holds true; all ripen earlier, and more perfectly, "under favorable conditions."

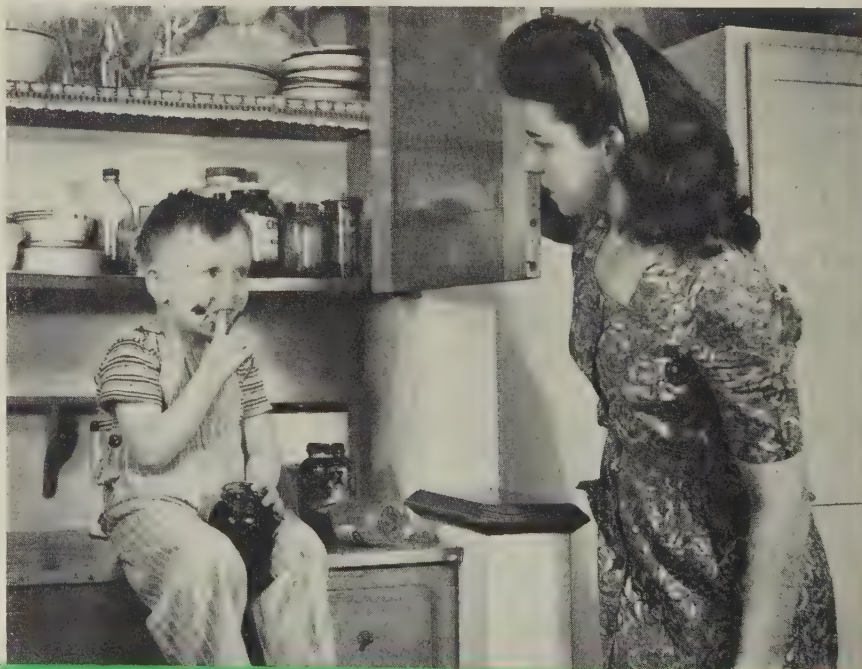
Those of us who are gardeners take special pride in having the first mess of green peas in our block, or the earliest ripe tomatoes. We boast, "I planted at just the right time—(of the moon, maybe)—the spring rains came just when needed, and we've had wonderful sunny weather." We are indeed proud of our precocious vegetables.

We are proud of our precocious children, too, if they're precocious in the right way. We tell of progress made in arithmetic, or language, or dancing, or music. With pride we say, "I was always good in that, myself," or "We've given her lessons under the best teacher in town. She laps up that like a cat laps up milk." Then vest buttons pop, and hat bands seem a trifle snug.

A child's spiritual development follows exactly the same pattern as his physical or mental. If "conditions are favorable" he matures early. Parents should take as great a pride in this phase of his development as in any other, and should do all in their power to see that conditions are as favorable as is humanly possible.

**H**OW best can such conditions be achieved? Let us recall a familiar story. A baby boy was born into a home that had long desired a child. Prayers had gone

up to God both night and day for months before his birth. The period of waiting had seemed interminable, but finally the little bundle of life and love was laid in the arms of the mother, Hannah: and the father, Elkanah, knelt beside the cot, and looked with joy and gratitude into the eyes of his dear one. Then the little one, Samuel by name, who had been so long desired, was given away; given back to God, even as his mother had promised before his birth. As soon as he was able to eat at table he was taken to the temple and dedicated to the service of God,



—Eva Luoma.

Patience and understanding are part of "favorable conditions" in directing precocity.



under the watchful care of old Eli, the priest. We know the rest of the story. He was truly a precocious child. Let us see if we can discover what favorable conditions brought about his early maturing.

Spiritual things were kept in the proper perspective in the mountain home of Elkanah and Hannah. The right food was provided, and adequate clothing made, but the things of the spirit were first in importance. Prayers were offered on behalf of little Samuel long before he could lisp his own. He was trained by the loving mother and father in the ways of God, and taken at an early age to the house of God. There the old priest and his assistants further instructed and trained the lad. And there, because he was spiritually precocious God called, "Samuel, Samuel." The boy was asleep in his little bed, but he sprang up and ran to Eli on the first call, then on the second, and on the third, each time thinking it was the old priest in need of his services. Then the wise old man said, "Samuel, go lie down once more. If you hear a voice again, say 'Speak, Lord, thy servant is listening.'" And Samuel wasn't too young to understand when God called again, for his training in his home, and in the church (temple) of his day, had prepared him to hear and understand the call of God.

So can it be with the children of our homes, if home and church have together provided the "favorable conditions" for the early maturing of the spiritual life. But let us be frank. Do modern homes desire their children to be *precocious* in a spiritual way? Or is the exact opposite frequently true? In most cases the church has done its part, from Nursery through Junior and Intermediate departments of the Sunday school to prepare the child to hear the call, "Samuel, Samuel," but all too often the parents have failed in theirs.

They have not only failed in giving spiritual training, but frequently seek to nullify the work of the church by making excuses for the child, and attempting to delay his spiritual progress. They

say, "He's too young to understand." "He doesn't know what it is all about," when the child desires to be baptized and begin his Christian life. Of course he doesn't know what it is *all* about. Nor would he if he waited until he was the proverbial three score and ten; but if he is old enough to

fingers carefully gluing and holding puzzling bits of a model airplane. With help, they soon catch on to all the intricacies of the physical world—why do we feel they cannot grasp the spiritual? Could it be that you, their parents, can explain the operation of a motor, for instance, more clearly

## Open the way so that your child may hear God's call.

realize that he wants to try to live as Jesus lived, and feels that he can, with Jesus' help, and if there is a return of love in his heart for the Teacher who loved little children, and took them in his arms to bless them; and if he has had regular instruction in the church's school—then surely he is old enough to make his public confession of his Christ, and to be baptized into His name.

**H**OW DO we account for the trend away from the spiritual in so many of our modern homes? We have gone off after *things*. Material possessions have loomed up as of much more importance than spiritual. Practically every family one talks to is aspiring to a finer home—one of a certain style of architecture—of such and such a size—with an original color scheme, and all the latest conveniences—with a rumpus room and a hobby room—a master bedroom and a den—two baths and a utility room—a dishwasher and an automatic furnace—a snack-bar and a patio—all this: but is it even in the minds of any of us to include a little corner somewhere where the family can meet and talk to God.

**L**ITTLE children understand whatever is closely associated with them, and whatever is carefully and thoughtfully explained to them—and much more besides. I've seen little tads in rural communities driving tractors and cars in the wheat harvest, and operating power machinery. I've seen, and so have you, chubby little

than you can answer such questions as "Is there a God, for sure?" "How can I know there is a God, if I can't see Him?" "How can I believe in someone no one has ever seen?"

Patience and understanding must also be manifest in the "favorable conditions" if your child is to be *spiritually* precocious. If, for instance, in the making of a model airplane, a mistake is made, and your help is sought, if you are a proper parent, you are flattered that your child thinks you are smart enough to help him out of his difficulties. Over and over you explain and demonstrate the best way to assemble and glue the little pieces. Just so, when mistakes are made in spiritual development, it is your privilege to explain and demonstrate the better way. Patience, understanding, gentle guidance, and above all, the honest example of a devoted life will go a long way in helping your child develop spiritually.

Yes, the children in all Christian homes will have a tendency to be spiritually precocious, and they will mature early, under "favorable conditions" if parents are willing to interpret God, and demonstrate His way of life. Wouldn't you like to be able to substitute the name of your precocious Bobby or Sally in this verse that speaks of Samuel the man?

"Now Samuel grew up, and God was with him, and let none of his words prove a failure.—God revealed Himself to Samuel, and Samuel's word reached all Israel."



**D**ID YOU take your boy to church or did you send him? This is a question every parent should be forced to face honestly before he criticizes the church, the Sunday school, some teacher or minister for his adolescent's disinterest in the house of God. In fact, if the parent had decided early in the boy's life to take him rather than to send him, this lack of interest might never have developed.

A minister who had recently come to a pastorate was calling upon his parishioners in an attempt to get acquainted with them. At one home he was received enthusiastically by the mother of four sons. She was so glad that a new minister had come because the preceding man had not been able to interest her boys now that they were grown. She recalled that when they were youngsters they had enjoyed going to Sunday school so much.

With kindly interest the minister drew out the circumstances which had no doubt influenced the boys. "What work are you now doing in the church, Mrs. Gray?" he enquired.

"Oh, I'm not doing anything. In fact I seldom get to attend now that the boys don't want to go. I can't get my husband to go either. He wants to read the Sunday paper. I've talked with the whole family about going together to Sunday school and church but no one else seems to be interested."

The minister pushed his query a little further, "I presume you were very active when the children were in regular attendance?"

"No," was the expected reply, "when the children were small it was all I could do to get them ready. Mr. Gray would always take them while I straightened up the house and began to prepare dinner. He willingly would go back and get them. We always saw to it that they got to Sunday school every Sunday until they were old enough to go by themselves."

Then the minister counselled frankly in a way which he feared might not be appreciated by the mother. Said he, "Mrs. Gray, your experience is that of scores of parents. They mean all right but somehow do not understand the importance of example, of companionship in education and worship, and of the parents' attitude toward the church. Wherever statistics have been gathered on the problem of teen-age disinterest in the church and the church school, it has always been found that a large per cent of the children who have been 'sent' will begin in their teens to drift away from the church.

"The per cent of loss in instances in which the parents have gone with their children is almost negligible. Honestly, Mrs. Gray, there is very little I can do at this late hour. The damage has already been done. However, if you will let me come back when the whole family is here and discuss the matter just as we have been discussing it, and then if I may have the solemn pledge of each that you will all come together every Sunday for a year, I will be willing to work with you."



**M**R. GRAY'S predicament represents one of the most serious problems which religionists have to face. They can do little about it until they have the co-operation of the parents. Few, who take their children to Sunday school and church from the earliest age possible, have any grave difficulty with this waning interest and attendance. You see, children learn more from example than from any other way. What they must learn they do not question until they have solid ground for such questioning. Take so simple a thing as table manners. If the parents' manners are good and consistent, the children will come by such naturally. Likewise, if parents always take their children to church, then attendance is accepted, usually without question. And even when that period of adolescent instability comes, his own habit of church going, reinforced by his parents' example will be of real help to tide him over until he gets his feet on the ground of adulthood.

To the parents who take their children, the question of compulsory attendance is not so loudly raised. Personally, I believe that children should never be compelled to go. If the right example has been set over a long enough period of time, then the decision of attendance can be left to the youth if any question is raised.

It is trite to say that religion is caught, not taught. Certainly we do catch more than we learn, whether it be religion or anything else. Hence example is



most important. If father and mother teach in or attend the church school, the chances are the youth will continue to do the same. If father and mother sit in the third row from the front at worship services, the chances are that the youth will be there with them unless he has some other responsibility in the service.

There is one experience of childhood which I am sure has influenced greatly my feeling while in church. My paternal grandmother sat in the pew with the rest of our family on Sunday morning. She seldom looked up. But with head slightly tilted to one side, and eyes downcast, she seemed to be always praying and her face radiated a joyous peace. I couldn't whisper when grandmother looked that way for I caught the hush and I think likewise some of the peace which so enveloped her. And although she has been gone these many years, I cannot enter any place of worship without a sense of quiet peace possessing my soul.

**C**LOSE to the power of example is the desire for companionship. Youth long for it. They want to be well thought of, even by their parents. Although the family may not sit together in church, yet there is a bond of companionship which enfolds them if they are learning and worshipping in the same place. We humans are gregarious animals. It is easier to move with the crowd, because of the companionship,

# **Take Your Boy to Church**

**By Leslie R. Smith**

**Stop! Before you condemn the church for failing with your child, read this article!**

the feeling of belonging. The same may be said of the family that learns and worships together.

As long as it is possible, sit together as a family. And, parents, in the early stages, don't be too insistent on sitting where *you* want to. The family pew may move all over the church during the years. If the boy wants to sit in the balcony, then sit there without asking too many questions. He may, as did one I know, want to count the number of bald heads and to keep score of them from week to week! Surely that isn't too sinful! Or he may choose to sit down front. Then sit down front. The very prominence of the position may help to produce the right conduct. A wise old colored waiter in one of our Lexington hotels realizes the effect of position on conduct. If a family with small children comes into the dining room, he doesn't hurry them off to some corner, he seats them right in the middle of the room—and seldom has any trouble. By the time adolescence is reached, if the family is to sit together (as it certainly should at least several times during the year) the place may be agreed upon by common consent.

**A** POPULAR current radio program begins with the statement, "The home that prays together stays together. Likewise, the fellowship of learning and worship will help to keep the family together in the church.

Finally, and closely linked with example and companionship is attitude. It does not follow that just because parents take their youth to church and sit with them that their attitude toward the church and its program will be wholesome. Parents should develop the habit of constructively discussing the worship and education program and experiences. If you are in the habit of having roast preacher for Sunday dinner, do not expect your young people to continue with a very great interest in the church or respect for its leader. But if something good is said, if loving interest is shown, if the eternal truths learned are understandingly discussed and applied, then the outcome must be good.

Then, parents, take your boy to church, don't send him. And you may reasonably expect that the power of your example, the joy of your companionship, and the direction of your attitude will lead him into that larger fellowship with and experience of the Eternal God, which once known will leave him ill-content if ever he is tempted to live without it.





"When I die," she said fiercely, "I don't want any flowers on my coffin. You hear that? No flowers!"

## By Edna Dolphin

ANTON THORVILDSON drew back the lace curtain from the front window, letting in the warm air of the first real spring day. The muscles of his powerful shoulders, hard like a rope, tightened involuntarily, for there was a challenge in the fresh breeze, tangy with the smell of rain-soaked earth and freshly manured fields.

"I'll really make things hum around here, you bet," he said. "Johnson could have done better with a little ambition. You can't farm and stay in bed till six in the morning. . . ."

Corn on the piece between the fence and the willow row. Alfalfa on the whole twenty on the other side of the creek, and barley on the field behind the barn. Johnson

had too much wheat. Can't depend too much on one thing—weather might go against you.

He pictured momentarily the huge varicolored patchwork quilt of ripening crops that would blanket the rolling land, culminating the summer's work. It was a good thought. He drew both thumbs the full length of his suspenders and his chest expanded with pride as he contemplated the land which spread out from all sides of the little knob on which the house stood. There it lay—the biggest farm in Brush County—and he, Anton Thorvildson, owned it!

He turned to his wife, Gerda, who was standing in the doorway, and said: "Linskoog wanted this place. Bad. But I outbid him by a thousand dollars. Worth it though. Eh, Gerda?"

He perched his foot on the window sill and rested his elbow on his knee as he waited for a sign of approval from her. Gerda stood there, small and quiet, wiping her already clean hands on her apron. Gerda never had much to say, but today she seemed to have no words at all. She didn't seem to be listening to him. There was a look of farawayness in her eyes, and her customary reassuring smile was absent.

Anton tried again, raising his voice a little to emphasize the importance of what he was saying: "Old man Stensrud sure knew his business when he picked out this place to homestead. Plenty of people would want to have it now. 'S got the biggest barn in the county. Biggest silos, too."

If Gerda was impressed, she gave no sign of it. She waited for him to finish, and then said calmly:



# Flowers for Gerda

*A short story about a farmer's wife who knew what she wanted*

"Take your foot off the window, Anton."

He shifted the weight of his two hundred five pounds back to the solid foundation of both feet, and as he did so, a prickly feeling of annoyance crept up the back of his neck. He felt deflated, and he didn't like it. Gerda had a way of making him feel like a small boy at times—especially when she called him "Anton," with the same sighing inflection that he remembered in his own mother's voice. Gerda would never call him "Tony," the way the neighbors did. "Big Tony," they usually said. They said it with respect, which was even greater now that he had become the owner of the Stensrud place.

ANTON watched Gerda tuck a strand of straying hair behind her ear, and he could see by her eyes and her hesitant manner that there was something she wished to say.

"Well?" he asked finally.

"Anton," she said, as she pleated and repleated the hem of her apron between her hands, "I know you'll be awfully busy—but do you think you could find time one of these days to plow that piece of ground behind the summer kitchen for me?"

"Why in the world do you want that dug up?" he asked, with a feeling of relief that it was nothing important.

"I want to raise a flower garden," Gerda said. "A real big one. I had such a little spot at the other place."

"Flower garden?" With all the spring work yet to be done, Gerda would have to bring up something like that. That was like a woman. "Haven't we got enough work to do without puttering around with a flower garden? You know this place will be more work than the

other one. We'll be farming big now."

There was an unusual firmness in Gerda's low, even voice as she answered him: "I'm going to have a flower garden, Anton—and I'll find time to work in it, don't you worry!"

"Maybe next week I can get at it." He shrugged. "You know I'll have to spade it by hand, because I can't use the tractor in that space. Takes time—and I gotta get the spring wheat in. Getting late now."

Gerda smiled then, as if a very important matter had been settled, her smile starting slowly at the corners of her mouth and catching up the crinkles at the corners of her eyes. "Next week will be fine, Anton," she said. Anton smiled, too, then, and with a great sense of relief he turned back to the window to the contemplation of his empire.

THAT night Gerda sat at the dining-room table, the four children crowding around her, watching with interest as she filled little scraps of paper with lines and diagrams. Anton, reading the evening paper, was conscious of the cadence of their voices rising and falling with their alternate moods of earnestness and enthusiasm.

"I'll put sweet peas over here, at the edge, and put up a fence for them to climb on," Gerda explained to her eager audience. "The zinnias can go in a round bed, with a path all around them. The cockscomb will be nice up against the summer kitchen wall. Aren't petunias the sweetest smelling things?"

"It's gonna be pretty, ain't it, Christine?" little Ernest asked of his sister. Then he said to his mother, "When you gonna buy the seeds, Ma?"

"I think I'll go along with your pa to town in the morning, Ernie," Gerda answered.

"Can I go along, Ma?"

"Yes, Ernie, I think so. But you run along up to bed now. Time you should be asleep long ago—the rest of you children, too. Christine, you help Ernie with his nightie. Paul and Axel, you run right upstairs now."

Their voices intruded on Anton's consciousness and made it impossible for him to concentrate on the market reports. He found himself thinking again of the utter uselessness of time spent in growing flowers. "Humph!" he grunted, thinking out loud. "Flower garden! You can't eat flowers!"

Gerda rose suddenly from her seat at the table. "No, Anton," she said—and Anton, looking up, was amazed that her cheeks were very red and her usually serene eyes a bright blazing blue—"and I don't eat barley, either!"

Anton ducked behind his newspaper. What did she get so mad about, he thought. Women. They were so touchy about some things. You never knew how to take them.

THE END of the week came and went, and Anton forgot about Gerda's flower garden.

But Gerda had not forgotten. "Will it take very long, Anton?" she asked one morning while they were still drinking their breakfast coffee. "To fix the ground for my garden, I mean. I should be putting in my sweet peas right now."

Anton winced. He didn't want to admit that he had forgotten. "Maybe tomorrow I'll get time," he answered. "Gotta go into town today to order a new cultivator, and I'll have to see John Peterson about putting a new ventilator on the barn."



"Of course, Anton. That's more important," Gerda answered. There was something in her voice, dull and flat, which made him look at her. Her face was calm, but he could not see her eyes. She reached across the table and slowly shifted the spoon in the sugar bowl. For a moment Anton hesitated.

"Well, I plan on doing it just as soon as I find time." His voice was sharper than he meant it to be. He felt that he was defending himself, and it irritated him to feel that way.

The ring of the telephone cut shrilly into the air. He strode over to the wall, lifted the receiver, and said loudly, "Hello."

"Hello. Is this Tony?" It was Albert Neilson calling. Something about a funeral. "Jim Clausen. Died of a heart attack. Must have worked too hard, I guess. Thought I'd let you folks know about the funeral so's you could drive over if you want to."

Anton relayed the information to Gerda. "Jim Clausen, over in Goodhue, is dead. Funeral's this afternoon." He paused a moment. "I should go . . . but it's a long way over there. Shouldn't take the time right now. Still, on the other hand, folks will think it funny if I don't go. Jim was a pretty good friend of mine when we lived in Goodhue." He waited for Gerda's answer.

"Of course, go," she said. "They'll expect you to be there."

"Well—I really should. Person has to pay respects. What time can you be ready?"

"I'm not going."

"What?" Anton stared at her, unbelieving. That Gerda would go with him, he had taken for granted. He had never been to a funeral without her.

"You go. I didn't know him very well. And besides, I don't like funerals."

Her voice sounded tired, and Anton looked at her more closely. That Gerda should be tired had never occurred to him. He was so used to seeing her busy continually doing something—cooking, cleaning, keeping the children neat and clean and well behaved. When she

was not baking bread or pies or sugar cookies, she was patching overalls for him, or perhaps crocheting one of the little lace things that she kept scattered around the house. Gerda would never tell him if she were tired. She didn't talk much, and never complained. She wouldn't tell him if anything was the matter. . . .

Perhaps there was something the matter. Anton remembered then that Gerda hadn't smiled so much of late. He looked a little closer at her face, and the whiteness of it frightened him. He wanted to reach out and touch her, to ask

## A "Must"

**In the Christian's line of duty,  
Keeping busy is a "must"—  
If he stops awhile for resting  
He is sure to gather rust.**

—INEZ CLARK THORSON

what was wrong. He wanted to stroke her hair back from her face—but he couldn't. It had been so long since he had done that, and it would make him feel silly. The impulse slipped away, and he felt what he was, big, awkward, and bewildered. He was glad then that Gerda's eyes were turned away from him.

Christine, who was on her way to the sink with a stack of dishes, stopped and looked at her mother with interest. "I'll bet there'll be lots of flowers at the funeral, won't there, Ma?" she asked.

"I suppose so," her mother answered. Then she rose quickly, a queer, angry light flashing in her eyes, "When I die," she said fiercely, addressing no one in particular, "I don't want any flowers on my coffin. You hear that? No flowers!"

"Why, Ma!" Christine exclaimed, shocked.

"Well," Gerda answered, as she

went into the pantry, "I won't be able to enjoy them after I'm dead!"

Perplexed, Anton watched Gerda's retreating back. "What's the matter with your mother?" he asked to Christine. Christine shook her head. This wasn't like Gerda.

THE little church at Goodhue was overflowing, but Anton found a seat near the back of the room. The hot afternoon sun, streaming through the stained glass window, felt uncomfortably warm on the back of his neck, and the sweet, stifling smell of flowers nauseated him. As he listened to the monotonous voice of Pastor Rudquist droning the sermon, alternate waves of heat and sound and smell washed over him like the lapping waves of a lake shore, and he began to feel drowsy.

The smell of flowers closed in on him. Flowers on the coffin. Lots of flowers, Christine had said. Flowers that breathed their sweet, sickly breath into a hot crowded room, comforting neither the living nor the dead. Gerda didn't want flowers on her coffin—but what was a funeral without flowers? What would people say? But flowers were for the living, Gerda said—Gerda said . . . Gerda Gerda. It was Gerda's voice calling out of the coffin—what good are flowers after you die? Flowers are for the living. Then there was no Gerda—only her smile, and it was being enclosed in the coffin. Being buried.

Anton sat up suddenly. The funeral was only half over, but he felt that he must get out of the church—out into the cool, fresh air. He arose and went outdoors.

THE sun was still high when Anton reached home, and when he entered the house he hurried to the bedroom to change his clothes before Gerda would have a chance to question him. Leaving the house by the front door, he lumbered down to the tool shed where he found a spade and rake and hoe. He walked back up the path toward the summer kitchen.

(Continued on page 47.)



# Living as *Christian* Citizens

By Ruth Estes Milner

**D**O AS I say, not as I do" cannot be taken as a valid and effective formula for parents to follow in creating the proper social attitudes of their children. Such an admonition is based on the false theory that education takes place only at stated times and places when facts are related or a body of information is released. Rather, we have come to know that teaching and learning is a continuous process going on wherever persons are together and particularly so in the intimate contact of everyday living.

Especially is this true in the relationship of parents and children. As a rule the parent is the ideal from which the child takes the pattern for his manner of life. Anyone who has watched a group of small children at play has not had to wait very long before he sees accurate imitations of some adult he knows, or even of himself. The children's conversation is interwoven with adult words and phrases—often meaningless to the child but quite indicative of an adult attitude.

A four-year-old had entertained the "women's missionary society" in her playhouse. After the last guest had been ushered out the door she turned around and rubbing her head said, "Oh, there has been so much confusion this afternoon, I'll just have to take an aspirin."

It is from parents that children sometimes learn to disregard law. A father with his family in the car was driving out into the country for a picnic. As he approached an important intersection of two highways the green light faded into yellow and then turned red, but the father kept on going because the view was excellent in all directions and he saw no cars approaching. "Daddy, you went through the red light," warned nine-year-old Sammy. But Daddy just laughed and said, "The roads were clear and no cops in sight so I took a chance and made it!"

A mother got on the train with her undersized seven-year-old. She cautioned him to keep still and to "scotch" down in the seat when the conductor



Eva Luoma.

As Sally eats her ice cream cone like Daddy, so will she form similar social attitudes. Imitation plays an important role in her life.

came through—not only when collecting tickets but at other times as well, "Because," she said, "I don't want to have to pay fare for you."

A father and mother began early to *send* their little son, Robert, to Sunday school. Often Robert's Sunday school schedule was interrupted with family picnics or other pleasure trips. One day the teacher spoke to Robert about his loss of interest and irregular attendance. "I used to think Sunday school and church were important," the boy explained, "but Mother and Dad have always *sent* me here—they



never come along. Lately, we've been getting up early and rushing around to go to picnics and things, so I guess Sunday school and church aren't so important after all."

It may be very commonplace to say again that parents are teachers; that they are teaching fundamental attitudes toward life, toward God, toward their fellow-men, toward all the relationships of life. But the fact still remains that parents are teachers whether they want to accept the responsibility or not. The biological fact of parent-child relationship imposes that obligation. The major institution for the building of right social attitudes is the home where parents and child live together. There is no use trying to escape the fact that it is in this intimate and early relationship that the first attitudes, habits and ideas of the child are formed. It is an established fact that children learn no theories which they do not see practiced.

### What Attitudes Do Parents Need to Help Children Face?

For an answer to this question we need only to look into the average community life where there are children. Lack of respect for law and authority comes near the top of the list. Parents must teach their children to respect law because it is right and not merely to escape being caught by the "cops." A parent may think he is being clever by running a red light or parking in restricted zones, but what he really is saying is, "The law is for those who are not smart enough to get around it—get by if you can!"

Good old-fashioned honesty is another social attitude that is becoming extinct. "Crashing the gates" to see the ball game, the circus, the fair or any other type of amusement seems to be the "sharp" practice of some adults. But to children the adult is saying, "It's foolish to pay your way if you can get in without doing it—let others, less expert, pay the expenses and we'll enjoy the fun."

"My rights end where the other person's rights begin," is a totally unknown social attitude in many quarters. The adult who demands special consideration for himself even though it cuts across the established policy or regulations, or the person who cuts into traffic lines to steal a choice position and at the same time endangering lives and often shouting epithets to assert *his* rights is saying by his attitude and actions that *my* rights come first regardless of others. Respect for the rights of others has far-reaching effects and is a cherished social attitude which parents need to inculcate into the lives of their youth.

Why we persist in telling falsehoods when the truth would better suit the occasion is a modern mystery. "My mother went to her club last night," remarked little Jane. "She told me that she would be right there in the next room all evening but I know better 'cause after she kissed me good night and went out I peeked through the door and I saw a strange lady sitting there—not my mother at all."

All of us have been invited to a social function where the children were also included. Upon our departure we have assured the host and hostess that we had a most enjoyable time. On the way home we have chewed to bits our entertainers and poked fun at their ideas of hospitality. When we do this, we are saying to our children who have witnessed the whole procedure that it isn't too bad to tell a lie.

Probably one of the most serious social attitudes we have to face with children is that of using derogatory names when referring to people of other nationalities or races. Such appellations as "greaser," "dago," "nigger," "wop," "chink" create within a child an attitude of disdain toward other peoples and at the same time build up the superiority complex which later grows into prejudice and intolerance producing acts of discrimination and oppression.

### What Are Parents to Do?

"Like father like son" is an old adage that well can become the warning signal for every parent. It seems strange that parents cannot—or do not—realize that a child is the product of their own attitudes toward life. The example of a life, then, is the first answer to the question. Not by words alone, not even by deeds but by a life that is consistently honest, sincere, respectful and devoted to God and lived with a concern for all mankind. Much as we might like to pass this burden of teaching along to the school, the church, or some other agency, that transaction cannot be made, because the parent has the child five years before the school sees him or the church has him for any length of time.

Children are born without definite social attitudes but these are formed rapidly and conditioned by the early environment in which the children begin to live.

The second way in which parents can help their children in facing social attitudes is to relate them to local religious programs such as the Sunday church school, weekday church school, vacation church school, Christian clubs, etc. Another way is for parents to discover and devise occasions for wholesome fellowship and action in areas of the usual unchristian social attitudes such as interracial activities, intercultural opportunities and the like. Also, they can provide activities of a Christian character relating to breaking down prejudices and building proper social attitudes.

Lastly, a parent can be alert to life situations and make use of them as teaching opportunities.

J. Edgar Hoover pointed up the moral responsibility of parenthood when he made the following statement in an article:

"If I had a son I'd probably be frightened. I've never feared the responsibilities which have come to me in twenty years' experience with crime and criminals, but if I were a father I might be afraid. So much would depend on me. I'd feel that it would be my fault if my son didn't grow up to be a fine, honest man—a good citizen in every sense of the word."



"just for fun!"

Enjoy several evenings with these games

By Walter King

## Family Fun With Your Five Senses

Fancy equipment is not required for an evening's fun indoors. Just bring five senses.

### Sense of Hearing

The whole family can join in this "game of ears" and all you require is a stick and a few drums.

The "drums" are in your head. As you probably know, inside each ear is a piece of skin stretched quite tightly and called an "eardrum." When a sound comes along and hits the drum it causes it to vibrate quickly. Then the message is sent to your brain and you "hear" the sound your eardrum picked up. Of course, if the eardrums get broken you cannot hear at all. There is nothing in your ear then to help pass the sound waves on to your brain. That is why you must be careful not to push a sharp object such as a lead pencil or a toothpick into your ear. You may damage that important eardrum.

And now for the little sound game. To play it, you get some one to sit on a chair facing the wall in a corner of the room. Then you have another player hit the floor sharply with a stick. After the tap, the person in the corner gets up and tries to place his right foot on the spot where the tap was made.

Give each player three tries, and be sure to change the place of the tap each time. A "bull's-eye" is scored if the guess is no more than one foot from the proper spot. This is worth 2 points. An "inner" is a guess within one yard and scores 1 point. An "outer" is a guess over a yard away from the real spot tapped. There is no score for an outer.

The player with the highest score on 3 tries wins the round.

### Your Sight Sense

Another new family game is "peek-a-boo."

To play it best, you must first understand how your eyes work. They are just like a camera. The eyelids are the shutters. The pupils are able to open wider in the dark to let in as much light as possible. As the back of your eye is a network of fine nerves called the retina. This is like the film of a camera. It receives the image of what you see and then the message is passed along to your brain by means of nerve cells.

Strangely enough, if you wish to see well in the dark, you must not look straight at the object you want to see. When light is bad, your eye camera works best if you look sideways a bit. Try finding a

chair in a room almost completely dark by looking for it through the side of your eyes.

Then on with the game of "peek-a-boo." To play this, you can excuse mother because she usually has pretty sharp eyes anyway. So get her to place quite secretly 10 or 12 articles in a large paper bag. These articles may include such things as: a safety pin, a coin, a thimble, a short pencil, a peanut, a pen nib, a candy, an eraser, a nail, a key and a large button.

Now give each player the bag in turn and allow 10 second in which to peek in and see the objects. Then the names of the objects, or at least as many as can be remembered, are written down on a piece of paper.

Score as follows: each object correctly named, 1 point; any object named which is not in the bag, minus 1 point. This stops too much guessing.

The one with the highest score is the family "sharp eyes."

### Your Tasting Sense

Your sense of taste is not so accurate as some of your other senses. It changes quite a bit, and many foods which you think you don't like today may become your favorites after you get used to them.

You are able to taste food because your tongue is covered with tiny "taste buds." These curious little organs are mostly at the tip and at the back of your tongue. Those at the front can taste sweet things best. Those at the back give you the sour food signals. You will enjoy the taste of candy much better if you keep it near the front of your mouth. Try it.

But sometimes your taste buds fool you quite badly. They let you get the smell of a food mixed up with the taste.

Here is a simple experiment to prove it. Blind-fold yourself. Hold your nose tightly with thumb and forefinger. Then have someone place on your tongue a piece of raw apple and a piece of raw onion. Just taste them without chewing them up. If you can tell the difference between the apple and the onion without looking you have very keen taste buds. Robbed of their particular smells, apples and onions taste very much alike.

It is a good thing that foods taste differently, isn't it? Otherwise we would eat only to satisfy our hunger, and we would not care whether we had porridge, chocolates, lemons, or castor oil.

A very funny taste test game may be held if you blindfold different members of the family in turn and have them guess what food you place on their taste buds. Use such things as a piece of banana, cooked potato, spaghetti, cheese, butter, lard, onion, cooked beets, beans, and jelly.

(Continued on page 40.)



# Family Counselors

**Question:** My husband is now Vice-President of the largest plant in our community. We discussed, and he hired a girl mainly because we knew the plant offered her needed moral support, even more than financial aid. My husband has brought home many silly little notes she left on his desk. Recently we stopped at his office in the evening to get his mail. He came out to the car more angry than I have ever seen him. We found that she had told night men my husband wanted her to be there. Several of the officials have told me that she is keeping important people from seeing my husband, in order that she can spend more time near him.

My husband tells me she is so repulsive to him that he is spending more and more time in field work. He praised her for insignificant things at first and discussed plant problems to make her a part of the organization.

Please tell me what to do.

**Answer:** Most people receive condemnation for their weakness. But the fact that your husband used the positive approach in praising minor accomplishments, hoping to stimulate the worth-while possibilities is commendable.

Be sorry for her in her weakness. Actually, she probably is not in love with your husband, but is in love with herself when being near him. There is no doubt that he has done for her only that which he would do for anyone else. Her emotions are blind and she cannot recognize his motive.

You are fortunate that he has absolute faith and confidence in you and seeks your advice. Be grateful for this rich fellowship of sharing.

Now, be patient. One of two things will happen—either she will make every effort to come up to the goal or her own guilty con-

science will drive her to get as far away as possible from the one before whom she has made such a fool of herself.

Since the directors of the plant are now aware of the situation, neither you nor your husband will be forced to take any drastic action.

Remember in the Bible, Paul proved the viper harmless. Wrong, surrounded by good cannot stand, but will eliminate itself in due time.

Be grateful you have a husband who turns to you instead of yielding to temptation. Give him the spiritual support he needs.

D. F.

**Question:** What are the advantages of sending our daughter to a woman's college?

**Answer:** One could not advocate a woman's college without specifying the nature of the philosophy of education upon which it is functioning. If we dare assume that the aims and objectives of its educational program are in keeping with accepted standards of performance, then a woman's college has definite advantages.

It is possible that efforts to excel in intellectual areas have a greater opportunity in a woman's college. President Charles R. Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin, my own alma mater, made the following statement in 1907 which is still effective: "With the increase in numbers of men and women in coeducational institutions with no very serious purpose, there is undoubtedly a tendency among the women to regard as successful the one who is attractive to the young men—in other words, social availability rather than intellectual leadership is regarded by at least a considerable number of young women as the basis of a successful college career." Such a point of view can have a demoralizing influence.

In a woman's college, it is possible to emphasize certain aspects of learning which belong primarily to women. A co-ed school, which is geared for the most part to the vocational and social demands of a man's world, cannot be expected to carry out a dual role effectively. Since the large majority of women, upon graduation from college, return to the home for the purpose of being successful housewives and mothers, courses belonging solely to women can be pursued without the handicap of being geared to the needs of men.

Opportunities for the development of leadership, self-sufficiency, and the ideal of service to humanity are greater in a women's college. Living together intimately in a dormitory, pleasant associations in the dining room, working cooperatively on many committees peculiar to a woman's college, all contribute to the young woman's development of judgment, poise, understanding, the ability to get along with others, as well as the willingness to assume responsibility. All of these traits are highly desirable in the modern young woman.

Furthermore, most women have a deep concern for spiritual values. In a woman's college, they can experience training in the chapel program, the Student Christian Association, vespers, teas, clubs, and in the classroom in a way which would be impossible in a co-educational institution.

In conclusion, if a young woman desires the best opportunity for intellectual development, to grow in leadership and Christian service, a chance to distinguish herself as a housewife and mother, then she should give serious consideration to attending a woman's college.

P. B. B.



**Question:** For over a year my five-year-old son has played with a boy one year older who is always fighting. He not only fights with his fists, but throws sticks and bricks. His mother feels this is wrong, but his father says it is manly and natural for boys to fight, and encourages it. How can I safeguard my son from serious injury, and give him a Christian attitude against fighting, and at the same time help the other boy? What is a Christian solution?

**Answer:** You apparently believe, as do many of us who try to apply Jesus' teaching to present-day problems, that force is not the way to settle differences. You have certainly shown a true Christian spirit in dealing with the little boy, and in wishing to help him. The problem is that so many people do not apply Jesus' teachings to their daily living, and so there is a conflict between much that He taught and the customs and practices today. As we train our children to follow Him, we must help them to be uncompromising in their allegiance, but also must do all we can to protect them lest the physical and mental hurt of being "different" turn them from that wholehearted allegiance. For example, your five-year-old will soon dislike the idea of turning the other cheek if he is beaten up too many times.

Your problem, I think, lies with the boy's father. Rather than teaching his son to be manly in defending himself, he is encouraging him to be a coward and a bully in fighting someone smaller, and in throwing things that can hurt and maim. Normal boys are full of vim and vigor, and love to tussle and show themselves superior in physical strength. We must build a sense of fair play on that trait. Perhaps these concrete suggestions will help you:

1. Have your husband talk with the father, pointing out that his attitude is producing not a man but a coward.

2. Let the boys work off their desire to tussle with boxing gloves. Have someone show them rules and technique. Let them box when they are agreeable, not when they

disagree. Or if you prefer, get them a game of suction darts, or other lively, competitive games. I don't think feats of skill, done fairly, can in themselves be called un-Christian.

3. Continue your policy of isolation whenever a fight occurs. If the other mother will not take her boy in, insist he leave your yard, and if necessary take your boy in so he won't be hurt by flying bricks. If all the playmates leave him when he fights, if he hears them having a wonderful time without him, he will gradually learn it pays to be agreeable.

4. Try not to show too much displeasure or anger with him. He probably enjoys the attention he gets because of his actions. Continue to treat him in a calm, friendly, Christian way.

E. N. J.

**Question:** My wife's mother doesn't like me. This situation hasn't caused us too much trouble yet but I'm afraid it may. She finds fault with about everything I do. Sometimes she gets particularly moody and won't even speak to me when she sees me. Do you have any suggestions?

**Answer:** The in-law problem is a major one for many couples. David Starr Jordan once said, "Many marital splits deserve this epitaph: 'Died from an overdose of the interference of relatives.'" Of course you want to avoid any such indictment of your own marriage.

Do you thoroughly appreciate the fact that if it had not been for your mother-in-law you would not now have your present wife? So you are deeply indebted to her. And if you ever try to tell her how much you appreciate her giving her daughter to you, I'm inclined to think that your stock may go up in her eyes even though she says nothing to indicate this.

Be sure not to talk your situation over with your own folk. Of course they would sympathize with you and side against your wife's mother. Talk the problem over frankly with your wife and let her know that you want to do everything you can to ease the situation.

As long as you are doing right, you do not need to let your mother-in-law's criticism of your actions worry you too much. If a person is sure he is doing right, he can take a lot of criticism. It's when he isn't sure of himself that the bite hurts.

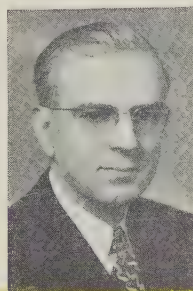
I think to pray with your wife for a better understanding with her mother would be helpful to you both and certainly would keep the matter in the right spirit.

And if there is no better response on the part of your mother-in-law after thus working at the problem for a reasonable length of time, then just accept the situation as many have had to do and with your wife's understanding help make sure it does not influence your marital relationship unfavorably.

L. R. S.



**Dorothy  
Faust**



**Leslie R.  
Smith**



**Elizabeth  
N. Jones**



**Paul B.  
Baum**



## Family Fun With Your Five Senses

(From page 37.)

### Your Sense of Smell

All substances that you can smell are giving off tiny particles into the air. These particles get into your nose and tickle a special set of nerves which are there to tell you what the smell is.

Often a bad cold will put your smelling apparatus out of business for a while and a lovely rose may smell no better than an onion.

An animal's sense of smell is much better than ours. It has to be. Most animals need a sharp sniffer to protect them against their enemies.

And here is your scent game for a bit more home fun. Get about six different foods that have a strong smell such as coffee, tea, cheese, an orange, vinegar, jam, a tomato, bacon, cocoa, and the old standby, an onion. Blindfold the players in turn and let each see how many of the foods he can name simply by smelling them. Let the players shout out the name of the food they think they can smell. This is more fun than having them write it down. Also, be sure you do not give each player quite the same sniff foods in the same order. A real laugh comes if you add water to the list and see how many will actually say they are unable to smell anything when sniffing at the glass of clear water.

In order to detect an odor, you will notice that air must pass through your nose. That is why you must sniff a lot when trying to pick up the smell of any particular food or flower.

But sniff sharply because the nerves that pick out smells soon get tired and after a while you are not able to recognize a smell at all.

### Your Sense of Touch

Here is something quite a bit different from your other four senses. You need a special "organ" with which to see, hear, taste, or smell but you can "feel" with almost any part of your body.

Tiny nerves have their tips at many points near the surface of your skin. Where these nerves and their finger tips run very close to the surface, that part of your body is more "ticklish" than others. The most sensitive parts of all are the tips of your fingers and the end of your tongue. Of course, these parts are not actually ticklish in the sense that they make you laugh when touched. This is because they are used to "feeling" for you and other parts of your body are not.

But even your fingers can make some funny mistakes too. Try this "How Do You Feel?" game.

Blindfold each player in turn and then let him feel the surface of six different articles such as: orange peel, a piece of silk, a bar of soap, newspaper, a stone, a piece of rubber, a piece of wood, tin, velvet. When guessing, the players must not be allowed to lift up the objects. They must feel them with finger tips only. Soon you will be able to decide who is the "touchy one" of the family.

It is really surprising what fun you can have with five simple senses and at the same time you will be able to sharpen each one of them up a bit.

## That IS Something!

(From page 27.)

tunity to say "I am" instead of "I is." (Even so, she had trouble pronouncing her final "g's," especially when she was excited.) Now Emma hovered over the telephone, begging callers to "leave your number" so she might write it down for Billy's mother.

**AT THE END** of four months Billy's teacher gave the class an achievement test. There were words to check; lines to draw between Baby and the ball and between Jane and the doll; questions to answer about Puff and Spot.

To Billy's overwhelming joy, Miss Hartman returned his paper to him with a "100" written on it in her neat handwriting. He could hardly wait to dash home to show Mother and Daddy. He even held the paper in front of his little sister and said, "Look Betty Louise." He explained that ordinarily Miss Hartman didn't give number grades, but that this time his paper was so good she wanted his parents to see the score.

"All that extra studying that you've done with Emma has helped you," Mother pointed out.

Emma! How proud he'd be when he showed her his paper. She's be sure to say, "That is somethin'!" He put the paper carefully in the top drawer of the living room desk where he could get it easily. The hours were long till Saturday evening.

As soon as Emma opened the door Billy saw that she was in an extraordinarily happy mood. Her smile was broader than usual. She even had on her best hat. He'd wait till she hung up her wraps—then he'd spring his paper with the 100 on it.

But Emma seemed in no hurry to hang up her coat. Instead, she opened her huge pocketbook. "Come here, honey," she said. "Emma wants to show you somethin'."

A surprise! He hurried toward his old friend. Reverently she drew from her pocketbook—a Dick and Jane test paper! Just like his test paper.

"See this, honey? We had a test—and look!" Emma pointed to two figures in red in the right-hand corner. "I got 92!"

For one brief instant Billy thought of his paper lying in the desk drawer. In his mind's eye he could see the "100." His 100 was more than 92. But in that instant he made his decision. He looked into Emma's face, so full of love and pride, and his heart beat with warm understanding.

"That IS something!" he shouted.

## Faith

Faith is a tendril springing  
From out the human clod,  
By which the soul clings safely  
And firmly unto God.

—INEZ CLARK THORSON.



# What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



One of the most significant Christian festivals is Easter. Around its observance are many customs and practices which are beautiful and are filled with spiritual and religious meanings for the home and for all members of the family. Other practices, some of which have been inherited and some of which have gradually come into use, are interesting and may be entered into with pleasure by children but have no specific religious meaning. Some practices have become prevalent in recent years which build commercial motives around Easter and should be discouraged. Home and Church should work together in making the Easter season one of beauty and of vital religious meaning for all the family.

The pre-Easter season should be entered into with anticipation and gratitude. Conversation within the family circle should often be directed to subjects which will enrich the meaning and the beauty of Easter for its members. Where small children are present this may be done by appropriate stories and also by the use of pictures or other object lessons. Decision Day on Palm Sunday should be a day for church attendance and every care should be exercised that one's attitude should be that of real spiritual devotion. During this season persons who are not members may be led to unite with the church. Other meetings held at the church during Easter week should have the support of all members of the family.



At the Christian Church, Paris, Kentucky, Rhodes Thompson, minister, an experiment on church and home relationships has been carried on which has demonstrated its merits and is recommended for use in other churches. A series of ten "Church-Home-Gatherings" were held in the parsonage. Formal invitations were sent out to all the adults and young people of the congregation. With each group, the minister conducted an informal discussion about ways to link the church and the home more closely together. Discussions were held upon such topics as church attendance, service projects in the church, family worship, the Christian home, the sacred vows of marriage, Bible reading and prayer, the problems of childhood and youth in the light of religion, and Christian literature in the home.

Along with this experiment on "Church-Home-Gatherings" care was taken to encourage the use of Christian literature in the home. Attention was called to the equal necessity of having as good, wholesome literature for the mind and soul, as to have pure, wholesome food for the body. The minister

had secured for display in his study many samples of the best books on such subjects as the Bible, the Christian home, marriage, children's stories, books for boys and girls, novels for youth and adults, daily devotional materials and the like. The people were asked to look them over and see if they were interested in securing copies for their own homes.

The concern of the minister was not in selling a book, but in seeking to cultivate a taste for the type of literature which should be in every home. This experiment proved to be very helpful. The "Church-Home-Gatherings" were repeated with success, and the minister is convinced that this project should be held frequently in order to keep the people abreast of good literature which is continually coming from the press.



The First Christian Church, of Oakland, California, Donald F. West, minister, sponsors a Nursery School which not only benefits directly its parent program, but offers a service to the community. It was begun about one year ago and is yet somewhat in the experimental stage.

It is characterized by well-trained leaders, adequate rooms provided by the Church, and cooperation from the Christian Education Department of the Church. The Nursery School has been supported in part by volunteer service, by leaders and groups in the Church, and by contributions for this purpose. Its program meets educational standards and operates with a license from the state welfare department after being duly inspected and passed.

Children from 2 to 6 years of age are enrolled and the daily hours are from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.

The values of this Nursery School, as reported by the minister, may be summarized in the following way: (1) It contributes to the training and enrichment of the lives of children by meeting human and spiritual needs; (2) It serves children other than those from the immediate church family, thus making the enterprise aggressively missionary and evangelistic; (3) It provides a close working relationship between church and home and demonstrates how this may be carried out. The most subtle and discernible effect of this program has been that of launching the church into a major enterprise which expands the church's education activities beyond one-day-a-week dimensions.



Not from the experts but from the lips of children  
like your own comes advice . . .

# For Parents Only

By Joseph Charles Salak



—K.N.S.  
Children's arguments should remain their own, not to be entered into by parents. Interference embarrasses the child and causes his friends to turn from him.

WHO should do the spanking in the family—the father or mother?"

"The father."

"Why?"

"Because my father is in Cuba."

That is an example of the hilarious solutions five little Whiz Kids, ranging from five years to 12, called "Juvenile Jury" ad lib every Sunday afternoon over the air to problems sent in by harassed parents.

Christopher Morley in his book *The Man Who Made Friends with Himself* writes: "Never tease the young. They are ashamed of being young. They think the truth is something they haven't yet had a chance to learn."

But five children, ages 8 to 12, recently interviewed by a newspaper inquiring reporter obviously were well acquainted with the truth and not too immature to give some startling answers to the question: "What are some of the worst mistakes that parents make in bringing up their children?"

One child expressed herself on arguments declaring that parents shouldn't interfere with children's arguments as it makes all the other kids in the neighborhood turn against them. The youngster added that parents should never argue in front of their children, because it upsets them. This wisdom from an eight-year-old girl.

Another criticized the fact that some parents choose their children's friends thus indirectly teaching them that some children are better than others because their folks have more money. This ten-year-old prudently advised that parents shouldn't say things like that because poor children can be just as nice as rich children and some of them are lots better.

KEEPING their children up too late was one mistake parents made as voiced by a boy of nine. He felt that the kids got tired and didn't play as much and then did not eat right. The result, he said, was that the mother became angry and scolded. His solution was that children ought to get into bed early so they would be strong and healthy.

A mature girl of ten also criticized late hours permitted by some parents who figured, "Oh, well, one night won't hurt them any." Children need at least 10 hours of sleep, she said, otherwise they get mixed up for a couple of days when allowed to stay out late and then the parents feel they have to go out again.

With Christmas just around the corner a young lad two years the girl's senior expressed little fear of Santa Claus giving him the cold shoulder when he said that most children are given too many things. He claimed that he saw children in the dime store with their mothers and they wailed until their mother bought them what they wanted. Then they grew tired of that and demanded something else. He further suggested that children ought not to be allowed to read so many comic books either.

And that, dear parents, is advice from children. Perhaps you should now take inventory so that you will not commit these mistakes or experience a situation as cartoonist Ketcham illustrated showing a harassed baby-sitter dumping youngsters on parent in a night club and remarking with disgust: "Here are your kids. I quit."



By Joey Sasso



# The Spinning Wheel

**Silver Lining Album**, Vaughn Monroe (RCA Victor). Vaughn Monroe's facility with both old and new songs is vividly spotlighted in this album, comprised of selections from the Warner Brothers film based on the life of Marilyn Miller. Monroe's RCA Victor album is a nostalgic hit parade of such selections as "Look for the Silver Lining," "Who," "Shine On, Harvest Moon," and "Time On My Hands," which are familiar and loved by all.

**Tiny Tot Classics No. I**, Gene Marvey, Tenor (Columbia Children's Album). Columbia records inaugurates a new series with "Tiny Tot Classics." No. I offers the music of Gossec, Poldini, Bizet, and Verdi to words children can understand and start singing themselves. This novelty is on one 10-inch nonbreakable Vinylite record and fits into an attractive and compact pocket package. Gene Marvey, a tenor formerly heard on Sigismund Romberg's national tours, has the pleasing voice and clear diction ideal for children's listening. The numbers included in this album are: "Let's Go On a Picnic," "Little Lady Dress Up Your Dolly Tonight," "On the Farm," and "Song of the Birds."

**Organ Melodies** (Bibletone Album). Organ renditions of classics familiar to all. Melodies that never lose their appeal... that become more enjoyable with each playing. "Largo," "Angel's Serenade," "Ave Maria," "Agnus Dei," "Rave Angelique," "London-Derry Air," "Elegie," and "Adagio Pathetique."

**A Chopin Recital**, Gyorgy Sandor, Piano (Columbia Masterworks Album). A century or more after his death, Chopin remains one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, amongst all composers of music for the piano. Original, even revolutionary, in his ideas, Chopin achieved in both his small and large works an effecting and matchless breadth of lyricism and poignancy.

For this "Chopin Recital," the brilliant young pianist, Gyorgy Sandor, has selected three characteristically poetic and compelling works by the Polish-born genius: the "Fantasie in F Minor," the "Fantasie—Impromptu," and the "Barcarolle in F-Sharp Major."

The "Fantasie in F Minor" has been called Chopin's greatest single composition. Perhaps no other of Chopin's longer compositions is so homogeneous as this, perhaps in no other is the development, the growth, so inevitable.

The "Fantasie—Impromptu in C-sharp Minor" has won fame through what some would consider devious means! Its principal theme was adapted to the popular song, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." The popularity of this melody alone should make this set a sure-fire seller!

Chopin's supremely beautiful "Barcarolle in F-sharp Major" is among the composer's last works. It consists of entirely original themes and, as played by Sandor, is a remarkable study in musical dynamics.

All in all, here is a set truly worthy of being issued in this centennial remembrance of the great composer's death.

**A Symphonic Portrait of Cole Porter** (Capital Album). You have heard the melodies played in this album many, many times, for they are the most popular of the great Cole Porter hits, but here is a thrilling symphonic portrait of the famed Porter himself, woven in terms of the delightful music he created. A fifty-piece orchestra under the baton of French musician Guy Luygaerts does full justice to Cole Porter's best.

**The Three Suns Serenade** (RCA Victor Album). "The Three Suns" continue to rise like a meteor with constantly increasing popularity. Two previous RCA Victor albums are "Busy Fingers" and "The Three Suns Present." Now, with the Suns' third collection, they offer an even more ear-pleasing series of selections. This combination blend their guitar, organ, and accordion into mellow tones on a half-dozen, ever-popular standards, teeing off with Friml's "Donkey Serenade," presented in a highly original arrangement. The boys also bring Schubert up to date in a breezy "Serenade" voicing, and the perennial "Penthouse Serenade" favorite is deftly handled. There's a snappy version of Franz Lehar's lovely "Frasquite Serenade," a bright handling of Romberg's "Serenade" and a romantic version of "Serenade in the Night," to round out this sparkling series.

**Victor Herbert Melodies** (Columbia Album). Here is a cavalcade of songs which enchanted audiences of yesteryear and sent them humming into the streets. This collection of Herbert melodies ranges from "The Fortune Teller" of 1898 through "Orange Blossoms," produced in 1922.

Al Goodman and his orchestra present this gay group of yesterday's melodies in graceful new arrangements.

**Suite From "Royal Fireworks Music,"** by Handel, Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent, conductor (Columbia Masterworks Album). Handel's wonderfully sonorous and stately "Royal Fireworks Music" is a magnificent work written for a gala festival in London celebrating the return of peace to all of Europe following the war of the Austrian secession in 1748. King George II commissioned Handel to compose some music to be played before and during a display of fireworks at the festival. Despite the fact that the fireworks themselves were a vast disappointment, Handel's music was a triumphant success and was received with wildest applause!

As originally written, the work consisted of an extensive and imposing overture and five shorter movements. Sir Hamilton Harty's splendid arrangement, here so stunningly performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent, retains all but one of these latter sections. (The arranger combined what were originally two minutes into a movement marked "Minuetto.")

This has always been a popular work and this new recording will bring new listening pleasure to Handel admirers.

"Music for Four Pianos," Philharmonic Piano Quartet (Columbia Masterworks Album). Here is the answer to the many requests for a piano quartet on Columbia Records! The Philharmonic Piano Quartet has been enthusiastically praised for its "technical skill," "flawless execution," and "rare versatility." The repertoire of the quartet extends from Bach to boogie-woogie—and this album presents their very first recordings!

The Quartet plays such popular favorites as Ernesto Lecuona's "Andalucia," Prokofiev's "Procession" (from "Peter and the Wolf"), Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus—Waltzes," Morganstern's "Toccata Guatemala" and the traditional "Cradle Song." The arrangements are wonderfully exciting and interesting and the experience of the musicians (all highly gifted) provides marvelous listening!



# Money of Her Own

(From page 10.)

Marcia was too proud to bring up the subject of allowances again. When you could not change circumstances, when you had passed up the only opportunity you would ever have to do so, then the best thing to do was to adjust to those circumstances. The disappointment was there, however, deeper than ever. When she had turned the money over to Ray, with no strings attached, she had hoped he would be equally generous. She had made it possible for him to fulfill his dream, and in return she had really expected he would give her what she wanted most—a share in the responsibility of managing the family income.

Two months after Ray had been in business for himself his father died. Marcia found herself so involved in a flurry of activity that she had no time for thought of her own problems. The details of the funeral fell upon her shoulders, for Ray's mother was too confused by grief to manage, and Ray was so depressed that he was no help.

Now, a week after the funeral, Ray's despondency seemed deeper than ever. At times he was hardly aware of what was going on about him. Marcia had always been under the impression that Ray and his father were not particularly close, but it seemed she had been wrong.

"If only he could cry," she thought, but she knew that tears, like love, could not be forced.

Aloud, she said, "Another cup of coffee, Ray?"

The children had been excused from the table, and their laughter, as they played hide and seek, drifted in the open window.

Ray declined with a shake of the head.

"Do you think your father would want you to grieve so for him?" Marcia asked gently.

Ray lifted anguished eyes to hers. "I don't think you understand," he said.

"Perhaps if you would tell me. . .," she prompted.

He let his head rest in his hands. "The trouble is," he said, "I didn't love my father enough. And now it's too late."

She had been expecting a much different answer. "But why?" she said in surprise. "Your father was a fine man."

He nodded. "Yes. Dad was a fine man. I admired him tremendously. I told you once that Dad always held a tight rein on the purse strings. What I didn't tell you was how bitterly I used to resent it. Whenever I asked for anything, I got the same answer: 'No, Son. Money doesn't grow on trees.'"

"Don't darling," Marcia pleaded. "You mustn't remember things like that."

Ray straightened in his chair. "Perhaps it helps to talk about it," he said. "Perhaps after I've talked about it, I'll be able to forget it. I'll remember all the fine things about him, instead. Don't misunderstand me. I didn't hate him. I think I loved Dad. But the love was so tangled up with feelings of resentment that when he died—well, I kept thinking how much harder it would be to lose mother."

Marcia was at a loss for words, and Ray continued. "At least there's one thing I can do," he said, pushing back his chair. From the desk, he took the package he had brought home from work. He opened it. "I can see to it that I don't make the same mistake Dad did."

"But you never deny the children anything we can afford," Marcia protested.

"No, but as you've so often pointed out, I've made all the decisions as to how the money is spent. Like my Dad, I've concentrated on stretching the money as far as possible, overlooking what was vastly more important, the emotions of those I love."

Marcia wanted desperately to help him, but she knew that this was Ray's problem. He had to work it out himself.

"During the past week," Ray continued, "I've come to the conclusion that Dad probably figured the way I've been doing, that when

things got easier, he'd let the family share in the spending of the income. But you see, that time never came for Dad, and maybe it won't for me.

"When you told me you'd invest the money in my business, Marcia, I made a resolution that as soon as the store was bringing in a good, steady profit, I'd give you and the children an allowance. But it's easy to forget about resolutions. That's why we're starting a budget now, with allowances for each member of the family."

Marcia's eyes brimmed with tears. She knew what this decision was costing Ray. It was a struggle to overthrow the habit of a lifetime. There was more than a budget involved; there was a whole new way of looking at life.

She rose, and pulled a chair over beside him, to look at the sample budget books he had spread out on the table.

"I'm just a beginner at this," Ray apologized. "You'll have to help me, Marcia."

She saw that his eyes, too, were full of tears. He reached for her hand.

"You'll have to help me in more than one way, Marcia," he said, his voice breaking. "I've been on the wrong track for a long, long time."

Marcia cradled his head in her hands. "You don't need help any more, darling," she said tenderly. "Just go straight ahead. You're already on the right track."

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(See page 15.)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil day come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.—Ecclesiastes 12, 1.

A. Windy	M. Lie
B. Twitch	N. House
C. Money	O. Avenue
D. Hutch	P. Slingshot
E. Wavy	Q. Riot
F. Pathway	R. Haste
G. Healthy	S. Sore
H. Tom	T. Real
I. Brother	U. Rare
J. Hominy	V. Hearth
K. Defend	W. Son
L. Enemy	



Dorothy Clarke Wilson, a favorite writer of religious drama which has been presented in thousands of churches, has flowered into an effective writer of religious biographical fiction. *Prince of Egypt* takes its place along with her *The Herdsman*, and *The Brother*, as one of the outstanding religious novels of recent years. It won the Westminster Award for 1948 as the best manuscript submitted to the Westminster Press, its publisher.

Here is excellent writing, an absorbing account of Moses' life in the courts of Pharaoh up to the time of the crossing of the Red Sea. Mrs. Wilson's portrayal of the ancient Egyptian scene reveals a serious study of Egyptian history. As a result, Moses becomes a real person moving in the midst of a period that throbs with life as real as our own day. In that she has done what she modestly set out to do, as related in her own words: "I would not presume even to attempt to do justice to the personality of Moses. If I have divested him of some ancient mustiness and legend and made him a bit more real for a generation that has barely begun to apply his simplest anxieties to their human relationships, I shall have more than achieved my purpose."

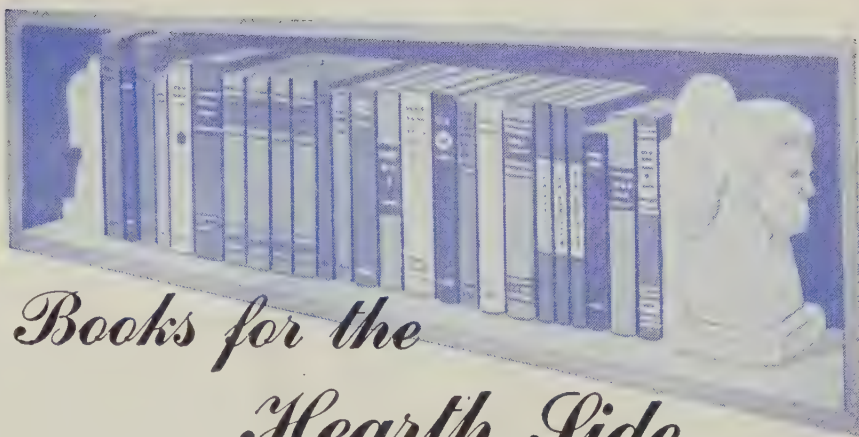


*Heartbeats* is a volume of selected poems by John A. Hofstead, published by Falmouth Publishing House, Portland, Maine. If you do not like poetry because you think it is high-brow, abstract if not obtuse, which much of modern poetry is, then you will like this volume. It is good, straight-forward poetry, making no pretensions to smartness, sophistication, sly scepticism, but possessing a simple, rhythmic beauty of phrase and picture that will give real satisfaction and enjoyment in the reading. From the first poem, "It's Fun to Be Friendly" to the final one, "Oh, Give Me Back America," Mr. Hofstead's poems fulfill the promise of his dedicatory quatrain,

I love to read the humble verse  
Which life, itself, has twined,  
Reflecting and reechoing  
The heartbeats of mankind



Busy parents will find helpful the Parent-Teacher Series (Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University). This series includes *Understanding Young Children* (52 pages, price 60 cents) by Dorothy W. Baruch; *Understanding Children's Behavior* (42 pages, price 60 cents) by Fritz Redl; *Being a Good Parent* (52 pages, price 60 cents) and *Discipline* (44 pages, price 60 cents) by James L. Hymnes, Jr.; and *Reading Is Fun* (52 pages, price 60 cents) by Roma Gans. Brief, concise, and simply worded, these short books give insight into many of the problems that parents face every day, and suggest



## Books for the Hearth Side

practical ways of solving them. They are made attractive with line drawings by Ruth Allcott, which add interest to the text.

Parents will find these books helpful for individual use; as the basis for study programs; or as resources for study groups. Several parents might buy different ones and circulate them among themselves.

The New York Committee on Mental Hygiene of the State Charities Aid Association of New York has published a packet of pamphlets entitled, *Some Special Problems of Children Aged 2 to 5 Years* (price 50 cents per packet). The pamphlets are written by Dr. Nina Ridenour in collaboration with Isabel Johnson, and are illustrated by line drawings by Barbara Cooney.

Varying in length from 5 to 12 pages, these pamphlets are entitled: *When a Child Hurts Other Children*; *When a Child Is Destructive*; *When a Child Uses Bad Language*; *When a Child Won't Share*; *When a Child Still Sucks His Thumb*; *When a Child Still Wets*; *When a Child Masturbates*; *When a Child Has Fears*.

Practical suggestions are given for solving each of the problems suggested by the titles. Parents will find their tasks simplified by the use of the methods outlined. Those parents who have used the packet are enthusiastic about the help they received.



Four new Little Golden Books have recently been released by Simon and Schuster. *When You Were a Baby* (unpaged, price 25 cents) by Rita Eng and Corinne Malvern and *How Big* (unpaged, price 25 cents) written and illustrated by Corinne Malvern, both show a little child's growth. Little children enjoy stories that portray the average happenings of their day and experiences common to most of them. These books do just that.

*My Little Golden Dictionary* (unpaged, price 25 cents) defines words that are within the experience of young children. Each word is pictured by Richard Scarry. Beneath the words and opposite

the picture is a short sentence that tells something about the word. These sentences are simple enough for children who are just beginning to read. Children of a wide age range will enjoy this book by Mary Reed and Edith Osswald.

Two Big Golden Books are Walt Disney's *Mother Goose* (Simon and Schuster, unpaged, price \$1.00) and *The Adventures of Mr. Toad*. *Mother Goose* is a collection of the old, familiar rhymes illustrated in typical Walt Disney style.

*The Adventures of Mr. Toad* (unpaged, price \$1.00) is a very attractive book. Some of the pictures are lovely and there are an abundance of typical Disney illustrations, too. While the story is based on *The Wind in the Willows*, it lacks much of the charm of the original.



Walt Disney's *Bambi* (Simon and Schuster, unpaged, price \$1.00) is a charming book which will delight children quite as much as the movie by the same name delighted its audiences. Throughout the book the picture of Bambi is treated with material to simulate a deer's coat. For many children, this sensory experience will increase their pleasure in this book.

Another book by Simon and Schuster with "touch-me" materials added to the pictures on almost every page is *Mouse's House*. Kathryn and Byron Jackson have told a delightful story of two mice searching for a home and all the difficulties that beset them before they found the one that was just right. The pictures by Richard Scarry aptly illustrate the text.



A great many children are filled with fear of fire. *Fireman Casey* (Wilcox & Follett, unpaged, price \$1.00) may help them in understanding the work of firemen, and in overcoming their fears. Esther K. Meeks has written a story which will give to children an understanding of the many ways in which fires are fought. The book is generously illustrated by Ernie King. This book will appeal particularly to children who live on or near the water.

105 East 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.



## Beatitudes for Christian Married Couples

(From page 3.)

Everyone should be grateful for food. In this day of self-sufficiency and materialism the practice of grace before meals is a great blessing to the home. It makes the meal more than a process whereby hunger is satisfied. It serves as a reminder of man's dependence upon God.

It is quite easy to lengthen the period of fellowship at the table to allow for Bible reading. Family worship will help to give the members of the family a balanced view of life. It will give them strength and guidance for daily living. The home, inspired by the church, should be the major institution for the religious education of children.

**Blessed are those who never speak loudly to one another and who make home a place "where seldom is heard a discouraging word."**

No one enjoys being with a "loud-mouthed" individual. If this is true when people meet infrequently, it is doubly true in the home. Furthermore, when one member of the family shouts habitually, others in the household soon find themselves speaking in loud voices. Children who speak too loudly are usually reflecting the intonation of one or both parents.

The home should be a place of gaiety and laughter, of joyous and exuberant play on the part of little children. On the other hand, it should also provide times of quietness and calm—it should give refuge from the noise and discord of the outside world. In order to serve this latter purpose, the home must be composed of individuals of poise and calmness and inner strength. Such peace and poise are possible in great and enduring measure only when members of the family have a strong and vital faith in God as He is revealed in Jesus Christ.

**Blessed are the husband and wife who can work out their**

**problems and adjustments without interference from relatives.**

Too many parents make it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for their children to develop into mature personalities, capable of establishing successful homes. They shower their children with unwise attention, make decisions for them, and take a selfish delight in having their sons and daughters abide by their whims and fancies.

Newly married couples need encouragement from parents, and, in our highly specialized economy, some may even need financial assistance, but they do not need interference in their personal affairs and in the management of their new home. Evidence of this is found in the testimony of a young man, recently divorced: "We were working out our problems satisfactorily until her parents, with good intentions, tried to help us. This interference brought about our unfortunate divorce."

**Blessed is the couple who has a complete understanding about financial matters and who has worked out a partnership with all money under the control of both.**

A certain young married man had the idea that since he earned the money, he had the right to sanction the expenditure of every penny of it. When he and his wife went to the grocery store, she had to explain exactly why she needed every item on the grocery list. Even then he would refuse to buy some of the items and would make frequent substitutions for other articles on the wife's list.

On the other hand, there are wives who have little regard for the type of purchases which they make or for the expense involved. One young mother discovered that her four-year-old daughter was distressed because her doll's hair was disheveled. The mother immediately took the child and the doll to the nearest toy shop and purchased a new wig for the doll for five dollars!

Obviously, either extreme spells disharmony in marriage. Husbands and wives should discuss

frankly all financial problems and work out an efficient and cooperative procedure regarding financial matters.

**Blessed are the husband and wife who faithfully attend the worship services of the church and who work together in the church for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom.**

Faithful attendance at the worship services of the church gives the husband and wife an increased consciousness of God and the part he should play in the life of each one and in their home. As they sit together in church each week their thoughts are lifted to things that are vital and eternal. They receive new vision and a better perspective of life. As they enter into the spirit of prayer and worship they receive from God guidance in the facing of problems that confront them and in the building of Christian character and of a Christian home.

If the couple will follow up the inspiration of the worship service with active participation in the work of the church, they will find increased joy and meaning in their Christian life. They will discover real satisfaction in working together at tasks that are world-wide in scope and of lasting and vital significance.

**Blessed are the husband and wife who humbly dedicate their lives and their home to Christ and who practice the teachings of Christ in the home by being unselfish, loyal, and loving.**

The ideals of Christian marriage cannot be achieved by husband and wives who rely solely on their own strength. We need to humbly dedicate our lives and our home to Christ, asking Him to guide and empower us for the significant and challenging task of building Christian homes. We should pray that as individuals we may be more unselfish, sacrificial and loving, realizing that only Christ-centered individuals can bring to a home the qualities that are necessary to achieve a marriage that is truly Christian.



## Flowers for Gerda

(From page 34.)

It was almost chore time when Anton finished turning the earth of the garden plot behind the summer kitchen and had raked it to a rich black smoothness. His back was tired as he straightened up to take the kink out of it, but there was a feeling of lightness in him as he drew his body up and stood looking at the results of his work. Almost unconsciously, he began to whistle.

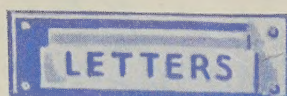
Gerda could plant her flowers now, he thought, and the thought made him feel good. He found himself wondering where Gerda would plant her marigolds. Mother Thorvildson used to grow many marigolds, he remembered.

"I guess all women are alike," he said to himself. "Women need flowers, and pretty things, and soft words." Gerda needed flowers. She needed other things besides her work and family—just as he needed Gerda. He needed her smile and her words of encouragement, and without them, nothing mattered. Even the big farm, the crops, the animals. It was not they that made life important. It was Gerda's smile. He would tell her so. Yes.

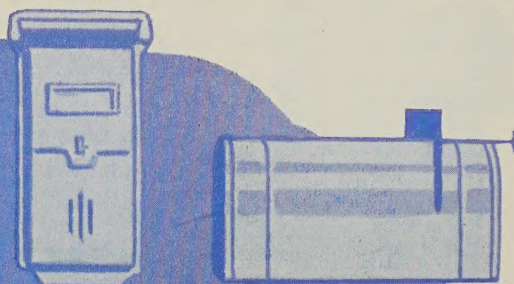
When Anton entered the house, Gerda was standing by the stove frying *Fattigman's Bakkels*. He watched her for a few minutes, fascinated by the quick, deft movements of her hands as she transferred the crisp brown curls from the hot fat to the rack. He cleared his throat as he turned his hat between his hands, remembering what he had planned to tell her. But the words, when they came out at last, were not the ones he wanted to say.

"I spaded your garden," he said, and some of the humility he felt showed in the gruffness of his voice. "Now you can plant your flowers any time you want to."

Gerda looked up at him then. "Thank you, Anton," she said. "That's real nice of you." And Anton knew as she looked at him that words weren't necessary. Gerda's smile told him that.



## Family Mailbox



Seattle, Washington  
Congratulations to you on the first issue of the new *Hearthstone*. A hurried glance through it this morning indicates that it is a wonderful piece of work.

I trust that this will be the beginning of a very successful venture. You can count on us here stimulating the use of it.

Donald M. Salmon

Orestes, Indiana  
"The *Hearthstone*"

I hope the folks of our brotherhood Gather around the *Hearthstone*,  
Making it the spoke in the wheel  
Of each Christian home.

I'm sure they will find it a help  
And urge to Christian living  
That will teach the fundamentals,  
That will help each one in giving

Of their time, their money, their talents  
To make a greater success of the home,  
Taking out selfish, petty ways  
And in each Jesus enthroned.

We appreciate the *Hearthstone*  
Free of advertising, let us not only pay, but pray,  
And keep all unhealthy advertising out,  
Making *Hearthstone* the Christian Magazine of today.

Mrs. Maud McKee Ogden

Columbus, Ohio

It is a real thrill to know our communion is putting out such a worth-while magazine. I am grateful for the opportunity of having a small share in it.

Dorothy Faust

Nashville, Tennessee

Congratulations on your first issue of *Hearthstone*. This is an

extremely attractive magazine and should do a great deal of good in the home where it is used. I hope it will be very successful and will be widely accepted in your churches.

Edward D. Staples  
Board of Education of  
The Methodist Church

Cleveland 16, Ohio

I am enclosing an order form for your new *Hearthstone*, which I would like to try out on a number of our families. The idea of the magazine is excellent and the various departments will appeal to all ages.

Samuel H. Cassel, Jr.

Johnson City, Tenn.

Congratulations on your fine new publication, *Hearthstone*. I have only one criticism—the pictures. So many of them are photographs and very lovely ones—but who are they? If these pictures had some relevant connection with the article and were captioned, I feel that they would carry immeasurable added interest.

Xina White Hannah

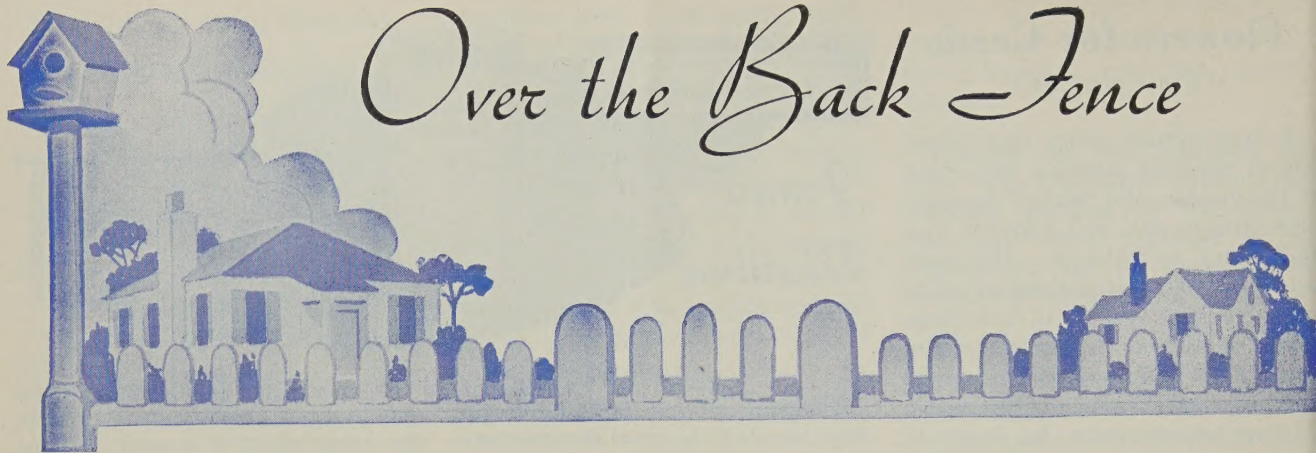
Enid, Oklahoma

... Family Counselors is your poorest feature. It sounds like a would-be Dorothy Dix. I think those questions should be answered in the light of the Bible and fellowship with Christ. Quotations would add weight and meaning.

... We need more of the glorious Gospel not preached, but imbued into the whole tone of the magazine. I am sincerely praying that it may reveal Christ and him crucified to all the families who read its pages.

Mrs. Walter L. Coen





# Over the Back Fence

## **Home Religion and Mental Health**

There is abundant evidence that mental ill health is increasing rapidly in the high-pressure, complex civilization we are creating. The home certainly has a tremendous concern here as it has in all types of illness.

Hence, these statements by Dr. L. F. Woolley, psychiatrist of Atlanta, Ga., before a clinic of Veterans Administration psychiatrists in Salt Lake City last summer are significant. Said he, "People who are deeply religious—and I use the term in the broad sense with no question of sectarianism—are more emotionally secure than non-religious folk.

"Of course there are several factors. The fact that devout church members do not use liquor eliminates the problems of alcoholic mental disorders. The high morality of religious folks also eliminates mental disorders caused from venereal disease.

"But beyond these factors lies the reasoning that religious people have an emotional stability that comes from strong religious convictions."

The Christian home can do something about this problem. More than any other social institution it can develop people with emotional stability which comes from a sense of security based on strong religious convictions. A sturdy faith in God as a loving Father whose care continually surrounds his children grows best in a home where parents exemplify that kind of love and care.

## **Here Is What Happens**

Occasionally we hear teachers speak about the great loss in church and church school attendance and membership which occurs after the intermediate age is reached. What happens to them; why do they drop out?

It isn't difficult to find the answer and most teachers know the answer before they ask the question. But perhaps parents are not so clear as to what happens. The picture has just been repainted in the words of an article reporting the survey made by one church in this field.

Out of 103 young people between 13 and 14 years of age, who had joined the church between the years 1941-1948, only 34 remained active in 1949. Two significant findings were revealed in the study.

1. Thirty of the active members remaining came from homes where one or both parents were themselves active in the life of the church. Four were from homes where neither parent was an active member of any Protestant church.

2. Of the sixty-nine inactive members twenty-six had been removed from the roll because of moving to other cities or transfer to other churches. The remaining forty-three came from homes where the parents were either totally inactive or completely unchurched.

*Hearthstone* does not hold to the theory that parents are to blame for everything their children do. In this case, however, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that parents have it in their power to assure the continued loyalty of their children to the church by the example of their own faithfulness.

So far as the church is concerned, there is no place like home!

## **Encourage Them to a Decision**

These are the most fruitful days of the year so far as decisions to follow Christ and become a member of his church are concerned. Boys and girls and young people are studying the meaning of church membership in their church school classes. Pastors' classes are being held for further study of the same theme. The lifting tide of the atmosphere of the church year all moves to this same purpose.

Parents, you have a real responsibility at this point. Everything that you can do to encourage a decision for Christ should be done. More than the example of church attendance is needed. Becoming a Christian as the natural, to-be-expected result of home and church experience should be taken for granted. You should talk frankly and sympathetically with your children about their decision. You should show by word and example how much being a Christian means to you. Point out to them the importance of Christians as a leavening influence in the life of human society.

Please notice that we said, "Encourage them." Do not attempt to force them. Do not attempt to use your own desires and wishes in the matter to compel them to a decision they are not quite ready to make themselves.

But by all means give them your encouragement.



## Religious Recordings

### ROSA PAGE WELCH RECORDS

**1B**—Three songs by the great soprano of the 1949 International Convention: *Let Us Break Bread Together, I Wonder As I Wander* and *Were You There?* \$1.05

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### SIX STORIES FROM THE BIBLE

Immortal stories from the New Testament on double-faced nonbreakable records: *Gethsemane; The Empty Tomb; Lo, I Am With You; A Savior Is Born; Wise Men Come; and Flight into Egypt.* \$5.45

(Add 35 cents to above prices for packing and postage)

## Man Has Forever

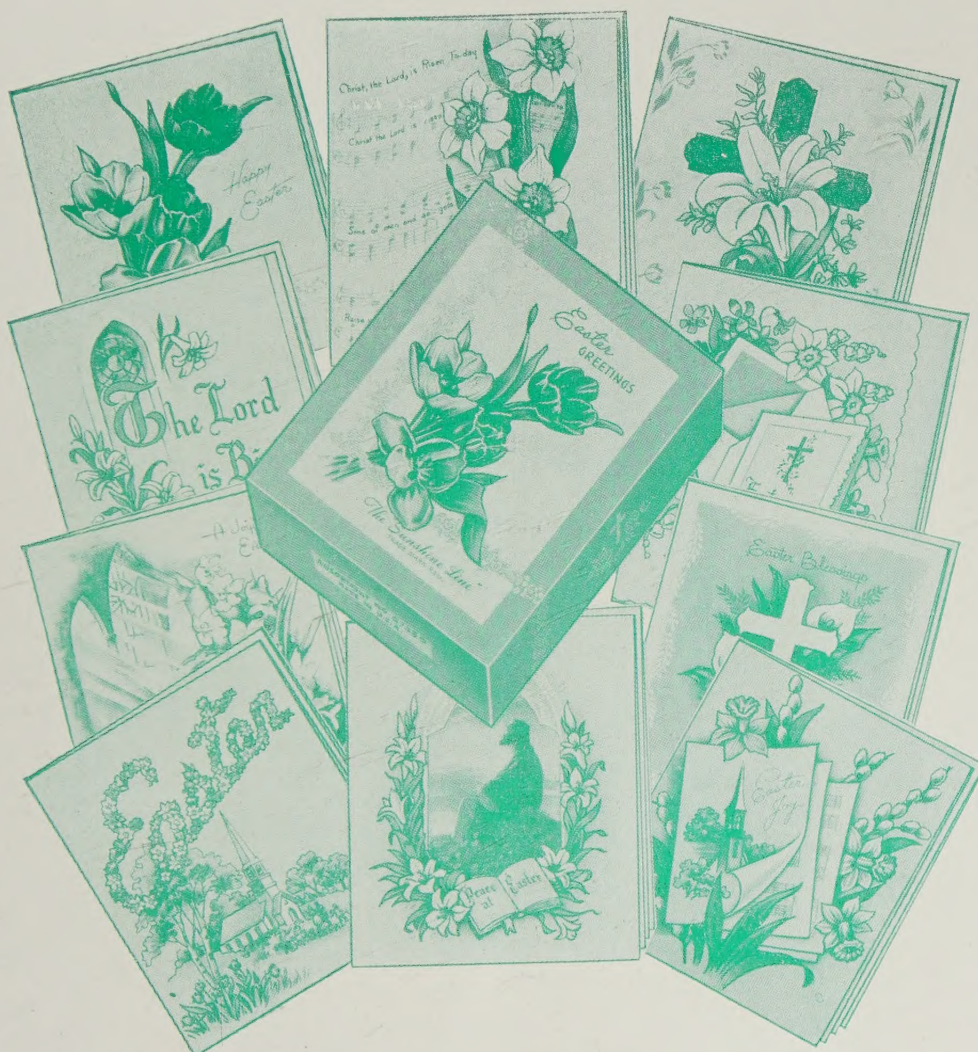
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Ten distinctive folders (pictured above) lithographed in exquisite soft colors. Each has an appropriate Easter sentiment and a choice Scripture text. Boxed and complete with envelopes. 60 cents

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## Christian Growth in the Home

For Two-Year-Old  
Children



Although two-year-olds are usually too young to fit into Sunday school routine, they are not too young to receive definite religious influence. To help parents develop religious consciousness in these young children Eva B. McCallum has prepared a practical 16-page manual and 24 four-page leaflets—each with a picture in full color and suggestions for presenting the material. \$1.00 per yearly set



## A Message for Parents

for Those Whose Children Are 3 to 11

Your brotherhood publishing house has prepared practical material for parents who want to have a part in their child's religious training.

For parents of three-year-old tots there is *Parents and Teachers Planning for Religious Nurture* (10 cents a year).

For parents whose children are studying Kindergarten, Primary and Junior Graded Lessons, there is *A Message for Parents* (each department's quarterly leaflets cost 4 cents each).

If you are not receiving these, ask your superintendent or minister to get them for you.

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